THE CAUCASIAN.

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THE $25.00 PREMIUM

WHICH THE CAUCASIAN OFFERED IS BEING COMPETED FOR.

Three Persons Offer Their Plans in this Week's Issue.

In the interest of good government, in the interest of honest elections, THE CAUCASIAN is offering a reward of $25.00 to the person who will offer the most feasible and effective plan for preventing fraud and securing as near as possible a fair and honest election next fall under the present election law. That THE CAUCASIAN has struck the key note of popular interest is evidenced by the prompt response we have received. We publish three this week:

No. 1.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 22d, '93.

MR. EDITOR:—In answer to your proposition, I will say that the only plan I can think of now is to do at all polls as we do in Cotton Grove. Let the judges, whether honest or dishonest, understand that they must make a fair and honest count, and return the same. We don't have any patching of returns here. A. H.

No. 2.

BEAVER DAM, N. C., Dec. 23rd '93.

—EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—I wish to be enrolled on the list of competitors for the premium you offer in your paper of Dec. 14th, 1893, for the most feasible and effective method for preventing fraud securing as near as possible a fair and honest election next fall under the present election law.

I give the plan we have inaugurated in Anson county, believing that if adopted throughout the State that it will not only secure a fair election next fall but will greatly strengthen the People's party before the election comes off. As I wish to give our plan of organization in full I hope to be excused for being tedious.

Let each township elect an executive committee of three of their best men who shall constitute the officers of the People's party club for their respective townships to be known as president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer. Then let all the officers of the several townships meet and organize themselves into a county club by electing a president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer outside of their own number. Let the president of the county club be ex-officio chairman of the county executive committee which is composed of the several presidents of the township clubs and let the vice-presidents and secretary-treasurers of the township clubs with the vice-president and secretary-treasurer of county club be constituted a bureau of information thus giving us an organization ready for business.

Now let the voting strength of each township be taken and all that will enroll themselves on the club list take their names, age, occupation, place of birth (giving county and state born in) and place of residence, so that when the registration books are opened next fall their names can be easily registered according to law. This is one important duty for the bureau of information to look after and while it is being done the people should be stirred up to a sense of the dangers of neglecting this important duty. In the meantime let the People's party put out their candidates early and declare for "a free ballot and a fair count."

The next important duty is, at the proper time, to get a petition and present to the county commissioners asking them in the name of honesty and fair dealing to give to each party that has a ticket in the field an equal representation on the board of elections, allowing the chairman of the executive committee of each party to select his men. Nearly everybody will sign such a petition regardless of party affiliations. If the said commissioners heed the petition (and they dare not refuse) the only thing necessary is for the poll holders to see that no frauds are practiced in voting or counting. Let only one box be counted at a time, if it takes all night to finish the count. When the returns are sent up to the county seat let full delegations from each township go with the returning board and never adjourn until the vote is officially announced.

If every county of the State will organize and go to work we cannot only secure a fair election but can carry the People's banner to victory in '94. We must have a free ballot and a fair count, and Anson county will put up with nothing less. One more thought: Let all our public men including our preachers be called upon for a public expression of their views on the subject.

E. W. FLAKE.

Beaver Dam, N. C.

No. 3.

EAU GALLIE, FLA., Dec. 16, '93.—EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—I see you offer a reward of $25.00 to the person who can suggest the most feasible and effective method for preventing fraud, and securing as near as possible, a fair and honest election next fall under the present election law.

To my mind the only possible way to have a fair and honest election, under the present election law, is to have for Registrars and poll holders HONEST men, who will respect their oath, and who believe that every qualified voter is entitled to cast one vote and have it counted as cast no matter what his politics, then the canvassing boards would be composed of the same kind of men, and I there would be no throwing out townships on the most frivolous pretexts, and you would have a fair election and an honest count. Under the present law the canvassing board is master of the situation, no matter how honestly and fairly the election at the polls is conducted, so long as the canvassing board can reject any township's vote it chooses on any sort of pretext, as they DID do in the last election, there is very little hope of an honest count.

The canvassing board has no right, even under this law, to throw out the vote of a township, but only to correct the irregularities if any, and throw out any illegal votes, and then record the legal votes cast, this being so they violate the law and should be held responsible in court for malfeasance in office for their arbitrary exercise of power which the election law does not give them, hence I suggest that able counsel be employed in every county to attend the meeting of the canvassing board, and see that the letter and the spirit of the law be complied with; otherwise that a criminal prosecution be instituted against them. As Judge Connor said, an office is property, and it is a monstrous outrage that a half dozen irresponsible men should arbitrarily take it away from the man honestly elected by a majority of the voters and give it to his defeated opponent.

It cannot be possible that honest, law abiding citizens, will, in their sober senses, endorse such methods. A great many people were so misled and deceived by the machine newspapers last fall that they actually thought a People's party man was worse than the devil; now, however, since they have had a chance to see what the Mighty Grover and his Democratic congress are doing for them maybe they will conclude that the People's party men were not such fools after all.

If THE CAUCASIAN could be read every week by every honest voter in the State, any sort of an election law would answer to record the verdict of an outraged and disgusted people.

Yours truly,

A. H. PADDISON.

Mr. Paddison is a citizen of Pender county, N. C., and is now in Florida visiting his brother. He was elected sheriff of Pender last fall.

WHAT THE STATE AUDITORS BOOKS SHOW.

The Joint Legislature committee has finished its examination of the State Auditors books and give out the following statement of the Treasury balances:

Balances November 30, 1892:		
Educational fund	$ 28,568 83	
General fund	310,400 93	
		$ 338,969 76
Receipts during fiscal year ending November 30, 1893:		
Educational fund	$ [illegible] 19	
Public fund	1,181,066 34	
		$1,212,153.52
Total available		1,551,128 29
Disbursements during fiscal year:		
Educational fund	$ 26,909 77	
Public fund	1,284,024 41	
		$1,310,934 18
Balance Nov. 30, 1893		240,189 11

There is a great falling off in the receipts from merchants' purchase tax and liquor tax and the shrinkage of the general taxes is also great. There is a falling off of $4,000,000 this year in property, solvent credits and money on hand. The increased assessment of railroad property amounts to $4,000,000.

$25.00 PREMIUM.

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Every honest voter in the State, (no matter with what party he affiliates) has seriously thought of this matter. So give THE CAUCASIAN and the public the benefit of your ideas. Every patriot should do this, not only to stand a chance of getting the premium, but also in the interest of good government. Make your articles as short as possible to express your idea. We will publish them week after week. The State Ex. Com. of the People's party will decide to whom the premium shall be awarded.

MORE "RED-LEGGED GRASSHOPPERS."

Collector Simmons continues to increase his brigade of "Red-legged grasshoppers." He has already appointed more men than the Republican collector had employed. But places must be made for as many hungry Democrats as possible. The latest appointments are as follows: For brandy gaugers, Henry A. Foote, of Warren, (editor of the Warren Gazette) and R. A. Williams, of Person. For storekeepers and gaugers, Lewis Burwell, of Granville, George Turner, of Lenoir, James S. Dalton, Rockingham county; George B. Williams, Moore; J. L. Jones and E. H. Woodall, Johnston; J. N. Borden, Wayne; G. W. Suggs, Green; R. C. Hill, Lenoir, for deputy collector, and James Steed, of Ashboro, for list clerk in office.

The Boy Knew the Men.

"Johnnie," said his teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your uncle George can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?"

"They'd never get it done," said Johnnie; "they'd sit down and tell fish-stories."

AN ADDRESS.

TO THE BRETHREN OF THE N. C. F. S. ALLIANCE.

The Executive Committee, believing it to be to the interest of the Order, have instructed the Business Agent that on and after the first day of January, 1894, to place orders for members of the Alliance only who are known to him to be in good standing or upon whose order the seal of the Alliance has been placed, except upon wagons, sewing machines and organs which can be sold to outsiders at an advance over regular Alliance prices. No order for a County or Sub business Agent shall be filled whose accounts are over due, unless accompanied by the cash.

It is further ordered that the State Business Agent shall not keep his prices standing in the columns of any newspaper, but shall furnish once a month or oftener if necessary to the Secretary of each Sub-Alliance as many copies as needed by the Sub of a printed revised price list. It is advised by your committee that these prices shall be kept strictly within the Order, not made public, and that members be urged to attend their meetings in order to learn prices for buying and selling that they alone may reap the benefits of the Business Agency. We urge you further to keep all matters pertaining to the Alliance strictly among yourselves, as it is not right for any one who does not belong to the Order to obtain the benefits of our organization. It is the desire of your Executive committee that not only lowest prices for buying shall be furnished you, but that your products may be sold in the best markets of the world, and that you may reap the full benefits of our organization financially and otherwise. Already your Business Agent has issued a circular in regard to the shipment of eggs, etc. The plan has been thoroughly examined by us, and we give it our full endorsement and urge you to take hold of the matter as he has suggested.

The Executive Committee at the recommendation of your Business Agent has permitted him to engage the services of brother W. S. Barnes, your Secretary-Treasurer, to push this matter, he having given much thought to the subject and having a thorough knowledge of the plan and has shown conclusively to your committee the great benefits that will be derived from the plan to our organization, it not only building it up, but for financially helping the poorest members of our Order.

Your State President has been given full authority to reorganize dormant Alliances, and we hope every brother will assist him in restoring these Subs to their proper places among us.

We suggest to you futher that you plant largely of food crops. Make everything you can for your needs at home and incur as few debt as possible.

At the present prices of cotton, tobacco and wheat, which have been our main money crops, we cannot continue to plant for that purpose with expectation of bettering our condition, as we cannot expect any better prices under our present financial system. As soon as possible let each one of us get to trading upon a cash basis, thereby taking our labor and our products from the hand of Shylock's greed.

On account of rough weather and the unsettled condition of our people generally, in January we have concluded it is best not to fill but few applications for speakers until next quartely meeting. At April meetings we hope to have every county visited.

We find that our organization is growing in members and sentiment, though its members are very poor financially, and we hope this increase will continue until the objects intended by our Order shall be accomplished. But to succeed in doing this, it is the duty of each member to put his shoulder to the wheel and push with all his might to this end.

Fraternally,

MARION BUTLER, Chmn,
J. J. LONG,
A. F. HILMAN,
Executive Committee.

Raleigh, Dec. 15, 1893.

A LADY ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

(Special Cor. to THE CAUCASIAN.]

WARSAW, N. C.—Miss Clyde Bass, daughter of Mr. Rufus Bass, was painfully shot through the foot, in the postoffice at Warsaw one day last week. A gun which had been leaned against the wall, fell and was discharged. The load was emptied into the young lady's foot, and so damaging was the effect, that the foot had to be amputated.

Not Her Fault.

"I don't see why it takes Bertie so long to learn to talk," said the young mother anxiously. "I spend hours every day trying to teach him. B'ess it's 'ittle footsy-tootsies! Doesn't muzzer dess do ever'sing she tan to det it to talky-walky! Tum to its muzzer! Popsy-wopsy doney duckums! Widdlecome biddlecome fiddlede dee! Toze its pitty 'ittle eyes now and go s'eepy!"

SAM JONES THE SECOND.

He uses cuss words in the pulpit and gets into trouble.

After listening to Rev. Sam Jones preach for several weeks at Birmingham, Ala., a colored precher, Davidson, decided to imitate the noted evangelist. Said colorod brother seemed to be much pleased with Sam Jones' customary epithets, "you dirty yellow hound dog," "you imps of hell," &c. At his next service, Davidson addressed his hearers thus: "you black devils," "you imps of hell," "you old sow eats" "Kill him!" was echoed through the congregation. Some one suggested that he was crazy. He was arrested and watched like a maniac. Davidson explained that he was using Sam Jones' tactics on his congregation, but they didn't believe that such was customary, and had him arrested for using "cuss words" in the pulpit. This was pretty rough on Sam.

CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT HELP.

Paul Vandervoort, commander-in-chief of the Industrial Legion, has just issued an address in which he says:

"I believe the corrupt managers of the money kingdom will create riots and stir up anarchy in order to charge the crime upon the people. We must band together to insure that the victory will be won at the ballot box and not with the bullet and bomb. I believe that the money monarchs wish to forever destroy free government, crush out the republic and enslave the common people."

The money power can't do this without the help of the people. But the money power controls both the Democratic and Republican parties and all who vote fo either party will help them. Dear voter on which side are you?

The Great Fair.

"Are you going to the fair, Tompkins?"

"Nope."

"Oh, you ought to go. It's the finest show there ever was."

"I know it."

"Can't you afford to go?"

"Yes."

"Can't you get away?"

"Yes.

"Then why in thunder don't you go?"

"I've been."—Harper's Bazar.

"So the young widow is going to marry Mr. Jenkins? Is he a good catch?" "I sincerely hope so. They say she used to throw rolling pins at her first husband."—Truth.

A WEEK'S NEWS

GATHERED FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE WORLD

And Briefly Told For The Readers of The Caucasian.

A Charitable Millionaire.

Robert Fisher, millionaire, aged 57 years, died at Yonkers, N. Y., on the morning of the 26th ult. The deceased attended the Xmas services at the Episcopal church, and was apparently in good health. At the conclusion of the services he took a stand near the door and handed each of the poorer members and attendants at the church a $20 gold piece as a Xmas present. He had just completed his charity when he suddenlo reeled and would have fallen without assistance. He continued to grow worse till his death occurred on the following morning.

A Brilliant Marriage.

Senator Faulkner was married to Miss Virginia Whiting, at Hampton, Va., yesterday, the 3rd inst. The happy event was celebrated with great ceremony in the Episcopal church. Invitations to the number of 2,300 were issued for the ceremony.

Whites and Blacks.

There was a riot between the whites and blacks at Wildwood, Fla., last week. Fifteen negroes were wounded and four killed. The Tampa Rifles were ordered to the scene and quiet was restored.

Two thousond men out of employment paraded the streets of Amsterdam on the 26th ult. They werr repeatedly disbursed by the police, but soon gathered again. Finally one hundred policemen were ordered to charged the paraders with swords. The police were received with volleys of stones, and a savage fight ensued. Three paraders and one policeman were seriously injured.

Mrs. Benjamin Whitehurst, a widow, was killed near Greenville, N. C., a short time since by her youngest child, a boy 12 years old. The boy was fooling with a gun when it accidentally discharged, the entire load striking the mother in the face. Both eyes were put out, and after a few hours of intense suffering, she died

A landslide on the Norfolk and Carolina railroad just one mile west of Kelford on the Roanoke river, on the 22 of December caused the wreck of an engine and nineteen freight cars, and tore up 100 yards of track. The engineer, William Barlow, was killed. The fireman and train hands escaped by jumping. The damage is estimated at $50,000

Gross negligence, or worse, has been charged against the New York custom house officials. The amount involved is stated to be as high as $1,000,000. These irregularities were discovered by a special agent of the department recently detailed to make an investigation.

George Murphy, colored, was found in a vacant lot at Fayetteville, N.C., on the morning of Dec. 22nd. He is supposed to have froze while in a drunken stupor.

Basing the estimate on reports from 95 per cent. of the cotton growing sections of the United States, Bradstreet reports the cotton crop of '93 at 6,000,000 bales.

A distinct earthquake shock was felt at Huntington, Pa., on Christmas morning. The vibration lasted about five seconds.

The Legislature of Colorado will convene in extraordinary session on January 10th.

Mr. Geo. L. Morton has been appointed postmaster at Wilmington, N.

Continued on second page.

Magistrate—Now, then McCarthy, no prevarication. Tell us all that passed between you and the defendant.

McCarthy—Brickbats, yer honor; jist brickbats

Jonathan and His Continent.

By MAX O'RELL (Author of "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull, Jr.," Etc.) and JACK ALLYN.

Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co., New York, and published by special arrangement through the American Press Association.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. The book from which the following extracts are made is his latest production, and material for it was gathered during his recent visit to America.

VI—DIAMONDS.

The Sweat of Jonathan's Brow Crystallizes in His Wife's Ears.

Man has been perpetuated to expiate the transgression of his first parent by hard labor. Jonathan is a proof of it. The sweat of his brow crystallizes upon the arms and neck of his womankind in the form of diamonds.

To the American woman the diamond is not an object of luxury, it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without diamonds.

Oh, those diamonds in America! Not one woman in a hundred will you see without a pair of them in her ears.

Diamonds, at night with evening dress and artificial light, are things of beauty; but diamonds in the street with morning dress, at early breakfast in company with morning wrappers; diamonds in the ears, at the neck, in the bonnet strings, on arms, on fingers, diamonds all day long and everywhere, is a remnant of savagery. Nay, I saw diamonds on shoe buckles one day in broad day on Union square.

"There is a woman who is not afraid of tripping and losing her diamonds," said I to myself; "but perhaps she got them in the same way that she might have lost them. Certainly she cannot be a lady." However, it appears she was.

Diamonds are worn by the woman of fashion, the tradesman's wife, shop girls, work girls, servants—all the womankind. If you see a shabbily dressed woman who has not a pair in her ears, she has put them in pawn.

Naturally, in America, as elsewhere, all that sparkles is not diamond.

I have seen pretty, lovely women completely disfigure themselves by hanging enormous diamonds in their ears. These ear drops had a very high commercial value—but artistic value, none.

Love of woman, innate in the American, is not enough in itself to explain the luxury that man lavishes on her in the United States.

The luxury of the American women must be explained in another way.

Money is easily earned in the United States, and is freely spent. Business savors more of gambling than of commerce in the proper sense of the word.

Jonathan, then, is in a position much like that of a man whom I saw give a hundred franc note to a beggar one day in the streets of Monte Carlo. "If I win," said he, "what are a hundred francs to me? I can afford to be generous to a poor fellow creature out of it; if I lose, it is so much that the croupiers will not get." When Jonathan covers his wife with diamonds, he says to himself: "If I win I can indulge my wife without inconveniencing myself; if I lose, it is so much saved from the fray."

This is not all.

If the American thirsts after money, it is not for the love of money, as a rule, but for the love of that which money can buy. In other words, avarice is a vice almost unknown in America. Jonathan pursues wealth to improve his position in life and to surround those dependent upon him with advantages and luxuries. He is the first to admit that their love for diamonds is absurd, but he is good humored, and says: "Since they like them, why should they not have them?"

In Europe there is a false notion that Jonathan passes his life in the worship of the "almighty dollar." It is an error. If a millionaire inspires respect, it is as much for the activity and talent he has displayed in the winning of his fortune as for the dollars themselves. An American, who had nothing but his dollars to boast of, might easily see all English doors open to him, but his millions alone would not give him the entree into the best society of Boston and New York. An American girl who was rich, but plain and stupid, would always find some English duke, French marquis or Italian count ready to marry her, but she will have great difficulty in finding an American gentleman who would look upon her fortune or her dot as a sufficient indemnity.

At a public dinner, the millionaire does not find a place of honor reserved for him, as he would in England. The seats of honor are reserved for men of talent. Even in politics money does not lead to honor. No, refined Americans do not worship the Golden Calf, as Europeans are often pleased to imagine. As to the women, that is perhaps different—but we shall speak of them in another chapter.

VII—NOTES ON GREAT CITIES.

New York, "Boaston," Philadelphia, Chicago—And the Liveliest of Them Is Chicago.

The large cities do not constitute the real America. To gain a correct idea of the country, one must go and see those hundreds—I had almost said those thousands—of flourishing little towns which spring up day by day.

Great cities surely have their interest, especially those of the United States, which, with the exception of New York, have each their own particular characteristics.

The city of New York looks like a slice of honeycomb on the map; twelve great arteries run from north to south, crossed at right angles by over a hundred streets, forming an immense number of "blocks."

Except in the city proper, where they have particular names, the streets are all numbered: First street, east or west, Second street, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and so on. The great arteries take the name of Avenues First, Second, Third, up to Eleventh, besides Broadway. It will readily be seen that nothing is easier than to find a house situated in such and such a street, at such and such a number. The thing which puzzled my wits was to remember the addresses of my acquaintances: 103 East Fifteenth street; 44 East Twenty-sixth street, etc. You can readily imagine the perplexity of the foreigner who finds himself confronted with this difficulty and with a score of calls to pay.

As I looked at the New Yorkers walking along the streets with that serious, preoccupied look of theirs, I said to myself: "Those good people must be trying to keep their address in mind, and are repeating it over to themselves all the time."

It is no use looking in New York for monuments in the sense which we attach to the word in Europe. The streets are horribly ill paved. From my windows, which looked on Madison square, the carriages appear to rise and fall as if on a troubled sea. Drunkards have had to drop their habits; they could not reach home from the beer saloons.

That which strikes the visitor to New York is not the city itself, but the feverish activity which reigns there.

Overhead is a network of telegraph and telephone wires, on the ground a net work of tram car rails. It is estimated that there are more than 12,000 miles of telegraphic wires, about enough to go half round the world.

The whistles of the boats that ply on the East and Hudson rivers keep up, day and night, a noise which is like the roar of wild beasts. It is the cry of Matter under the yoke of Man.

In almost every street tram cars pass every few minutes. It is an incessant procession. The cars are magical, like everything American. Built to carry twenty-four persons, they are made to hold sixty and more. There is always room for one more. You hang on the rail beside the driver or conductor, if it is not possible to squeeze yourself inside and hold on to the leather straps provided for the purpose; you gasp for breath, it is all you can do to get at your pocket to extract the five cents which you owe to the car company; but the conductor cries, in his imperturbable nasal drawl: "Move forward, make room." If you do not like it, you have the alternative of walking. At night, when the theatres are emptying and the loads are the heaviest, is just the time when the stoppages are most frequent; some one gets on or alights at every block; the strain on the horses must be tremendous. Cabs are few. This is not wonderful, seeing that the lowest fare is a dollar or a dollar and a half.

In Third avenue and Sixth avenue, you find the overhead railway called the "Elevated." All the existing means of transit are acknowledged to be insufficient, and an underground railway is talked of. There will soon be travelers underground, on the ground, and in the air. Poor Hercules, where are you with your "Ne plus ultra?" You had reckoned without your Yankee.

Coachmen strike the middle course between the London coachman who avoids foot passengers and the Parisian one who aims at them.

The populous quarters, such as the Chinese quarter, the Italian quarter, the Jewish quarter, with their tenement houses, those barracks of the poor which I visited one day in company with a sanitary engineer, remind one of some of Dante's descriptions: it is a descent, or rather an ascent into hell.

Hard by this frightful squalor, Fifth avenue, with its palaces full of the riches of the earth.

As in London, hundreds of churches and taverns (called beer saloons); it is the same ignoble Anglo-Saxon mixture of Bible and beer, of spiritual and spirituous.

New York is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world.

I received one day a circular of a meeting of the Knights of Labor. It was printed in six different languages.

There is a small collection of pictures in the museum in Central park, but most of the art treasures of America are to be found in private collections.

Boston (pronounce Boast'on) is quite an English city, handsomely and solidly built. It has a public garden in the center, the effect of which at night is superb. It is the most scholarly city of the United States, one of the greatest centers of learning in the world.

Boston society is less showy than that of New York, the women have perhaps less chic, but they have more color in their faces and more repose.

Nothing is more diverting than to hear the dwellers of each great American town criticise the dwellers in the others. At Boston, for instance, you will be told that the Chicago people are all pig sticking and pork packers. In Chicago you will hear that Boston is composed of nothing but prigs.

The English spoken in Boston is purer than any to be heard elsewhere in the north. If you think yourself in England the illusion becomes complete when you hear the well bred people speak.

All the anecdotes told in America on the subject of Boston are satires upon the presumptuous character of the Bostonian, who considers Boston the center of the universe. Here is one:

A Boston man has lost his wife. As soon as telephonic communication is established between that city and paradise he rings and cries:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" from the other end.

"Is that you, Artemisia?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, my love, and how do you like it up there?"

"Oh, it is very nice, of course—but it isn't Boston."

Before leaving Boston I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at home. The doctor's reception was most cordial.

He is a small man, looking about 75, but the expression of his face is young, and will be so to the last, I imagine. His smile is full of contagious gayety. Thick bushy gray eyebrows, which stand out, and a protruding under lip, make his profile odd looking. The eyes are twinkling with humor—and good humor. Philosopher, poet and humorist are written plainly on the face.

The doctor was soon chatting away about his last trip to Europe, and how he went to Paris to revisit the haunts of his youth, where he had studied medicine, how he found it a desert void of all the old familiar faces—but his daughter shopped to her satisfaction.

Then, turning to modern French literature, the doctor remarked:

"Who will ever say again that France has no humorists? I have been delighting in Alphonse Daudet's 'Tartarin.'"

At the very thought of the Tarasconnais' adventures, he laughed. The autocrat's laugh is, as I said, infectious. It is quick, merry, hearty; he shakes over it in a way not common with any but stout people.

Hung upon the wall in a corner was a caricature of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," one of the Vanity Fair series. Upon my espying it, the dear old doctor said: "There, you see, I am not a vain man, or I should hide that away."

A lady friend told me that, meeting him one day after he had an ovation

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

WHY THE APPOINTMENT HAS NOT GONE TO NORTH CAROLINA.

BROUGHTON, OF RALEIGH, AN ELIGIBLE, CAPABLE, AND AVAILABLE MAN,

BUT HANDICAPPED BY "BOSS" RANSOM'S URGENT INDORSEMENT OF HIS NEIGHBOR, HARRELL,

Who Owns a "Hell-box" at Weldon—Three bran new Machine Made Postmasters—Senator Vance Stricken but Hopeful and Cheerful—Expressions of Tender Affection and Evidences of Touching Devotion on the part of the People come to Him Daily—His Treatment under the Cleveland Oligarchy must arouse the Indignation and Resentment of the People.

[From Our Special Correspondent in Washington.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1st, 1894.—The government printing office is a great workshop. Its employees are numbered by the thousands. Among them are men of culture and attainments and women of the highest social position. The wages are small compared to the regular departmental employment and the work is exacting. Delicate women work there from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon at the rate of $40 and $50 per month. They are eager to obtain employment at those rates, for in hundreds and hundreds of cases it is that or nothing.

Appointments are controlled entirely by political influence, and employment has no protection such as the classified services in the departments enjoy under the civil service law. The office is a political dumping ground for members of congress. Its standard, consequently, suffers great impairment by comparison with departmental employment. A new administration means wholesale removals and that means great distress and actual suffering to the employees and the hundreds who are dependent upon them.

The present incumbent, a Republican, is a reliable man. To capability, eminent fitness, and large experience he adds a broad humanity in the executive administration of the office that commends him strongly to Mr. Cleveland and explains the reluctance of the Administration to make a change. The legal qualifications—"a practical knowledge of printing and book-binding"—are of the smallest consequence in the successful administration of the vast business of the office. The essential requirements are nerve, judgment, conscience, integrity, firmness, discrimination, executive capacity. A rich, ripe, juicy plum is the office of the Public Printer, in the way of salary, perquisites and patronage.

The Democratic applicants for the place are numerous but eligibles are few. In the list of sixty or seventy applicants only two or three have been considered in connection with the appointment. The place has been tendered Benedict, the public printer under Cleveland's former administration, with the distinct understanding that whenever possible the employees should have the protection secured to other employees in the governmental service. Benedict declined it. The two highest rated candidates are McAbee, of Chicago, and Broughton, of North Carolina. Broughton is a better qualified man than McAbee, but he is handicapped by "boss" Ransom's endorsement of Harrell, the Weldon man and the boss's near neighbor.

A MONUMENTAL ENDORSEMENT.

Harrell has a monumental endorsement, twenty thousand or more people throughout the United States, Canada and the Hawaiian Islands, asking the President to appoint him Public Printer. Every week or two he appears in Washington with a few additional thousand endorsements. He is known at the White House by all the attachees from Thurber and Simmons down, and his coming is greeted by waving of flags and beating of tom-toms. The one endorsement, however, which climaxes all the others and fills his ambitious soul with inexpressible delight and joyous pride is "boss" Ransom's letter to the President urging his appointment. This letter he shows to his hundreds of admiring friends here who seem to doubt his sanity in his wild pursuit of the government printing office. When he dies this letter will be chiselled in the cold marble shaft that perpetuates his memory.

It would be violating a confidence to state its contents, but it is permissable to refer to it as a master-piece of English composition. Letter-writing is not one of the "boss's" weaknesses, but when he gets a bright new steel pen between his fingers, he has no peer in graphic, terse composition. This recommendation of Harrell, which some people who are close to Mr. Ransom say, is all a joke and that he so informed the President, has prevented the appointment of Broughton, who is not only eminently fitted for the place, but has done yeoman work for the Democratic party in the Raleigh district. He was fool enough on one occasion to surrender the congressional nomination to Bunn, and honest enough on another occasion to make two or three speeches in Chatham county from the same platform with the heroic, patriotic, and lamented Polk. He made the fatal mistake in not at some time having been a Republican. The lack of this antecedent political qualification, in connection with the urgent solicitation of "boss" Ransom in Harrell's behalf makes his appointment extremely doubtful.

(Continued on Second Page.)

THE CAUCASIAN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

MARION BUTLER, Editor & Propr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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THE INDEPENDENT

RURAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

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P. C. VAN VLEET, Manager

Who are responsible for all advertisements appearing in same, and to whom all enquiries for rates, sample copies, etc., should be addressed.

1894—WHAT IT HAS IN STORE.

The new year is here. Before it is gone North Carolina must fight a most important battle. THE CAUCASIAN enters the fight this week. Let every patriot do the same. THE CAUCASIAN wants to see North Carolina take the lead in the South for good government. THE CAUCASIAN wants to see North Carolina condemn the goldbug policy of Grover Cleveland; it wants to see the old North State condemn the traitors to Democracy, and first and above all it wants to see the ballot box stuffers, the vote thieves and election perjuriers condemned, crushed and forever buried in political disgrace. THE CAUCASIAN wants to see it and will see it if the truth is gotten to the people, if every patriot does his duty and every man votes his honest convictions and that vote is honestly counted. This can be done and must be done. Those who dispond and say it can't be done, don't deserve to vote. We must not whine like weaklings, we have courage, we must be men. We must defend our rights or we will never have any rights. Let every patriot, who has the courage to defend his rights enlist in the battle now. Stay till the finish and THE CAUCASIAN promises you victory. It can be done, it must be done, it shall be done!

IS A BOND ISSUE THE ONLY REMEDY?

Secretary Carlisle in his report says that he favors an issue of bonds. Mr. Cleveland in his message asks for congress to give him the authority. And so we are to have bonds.

THE CAUCASIAN rises to ask why is an issue of bonds necessary? The only answer any one dares to give is that the government needs more money for running expenses. Now if money must be had is this the cheapest and best way to get it? To issue bonds means to borrow money from foreign bankers and give them Uncle Sam's note to draw gold interest. It means further that the people will be taxed to pay this debt and the interest in gold—gold made dearer by the recent action of congress in extra session If this is the best plan the Democratic party can offer, then the people will vote to give the People's party a chance next time. The McKinley tariff is not as bad as bonds. If more money must be had there are a dozen better ways to get it. But finally we want to ask, if there is not money enough raised by the present heavy taxes to meet the expenses of the government, would it not be best to cut down expenses?

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

The Sherman bill was repealed: "Confidence has been restored." The times are getting better. There is plenty of money. Cotton is bringing 10 cents a pound. Farmers are able to pay their debts. Merchants, lawyers and doctors are doing a good cash business, and all of us have had a merry and prosperous Christmas.

Why does the Western Union Telegraph Company offer to send free telegrams for all the members of congress? Is it done to cause congressmen to overlook any evil that may grow up under that monopoly that ought to be corrected by congress? What would the people think of a Judge who would accept gifts from a man who had a case in court to be tried? The telegraph monopoly is soon to be tried before the bar of congress. The people ought to call upon any congressman to resign who accepts the offer of the Western Union monopoly to send his telegrams free. It is as bad as it would be for a member of the Legislature to accept a free pass or other favors from a railroad, that must be legislated on by that Legislature.

A Republican President put Stanley Matthews the attorney of Jay Gould on the Supreme court bench, and now Grover Cleveland puts Hornblower the attorney of the Vanderbilts on the same bench. And yet these two monopoly ridden parties abuse each other to fool the people and keep them divided. Dear reader, if you will get all the voters around you to reading THE CAUCASIAN, the old party papers wont divide the people at the next election.

Senator Daniels, of Virginia, talks for silver and votes for silver, but uses his influence to elect a goldbug and railroad attorney for Senator to kill his vote. Will Senator Vance use his influence the same way in North Carolina?

REV THOMAS DIXON JR.

Rev. Thomas Dixon Jr. is just now being sharply criticised by a great many newspapers of the partisan mold for this style of preaching. Mr. Dixon has always preached practical sermons, applying the religious truths that he presents to the evils of the day, in politics business, and the social world. Indeed in our opinion any other preaching is more or less a humbug and failure. For some time past the applications of his sermons has been given to the dangers and growing evils of monopoly. He rightly saw, and has correctly said, that there is no religion in the majority of the great monopolies that effects our commerce and our finances. In fact he has shown that they are run on principles diametrically opposed to the teachings of the man of Galilee. In his arguments againt these growing evils he was bound to advocate the same principles of reform laid down by the Alliance and the People's Party with reference to transportation and finance. For indeed the principles of the Alliance are based upon the teachings of the Christ of Nazareth. In as much as the Democratic and the Republican parties are in copartnership with these great evils which Mr. Dixon has been exposing, no doubt the organs of these parties have been anxious to criticise him and his sermons but they dare not, because if they attack his teachings and arguments they must present arguments to justify the pesent condition of things. But recently (it is reported) Mr. Dixon declared himself in favor of the People's Party. This gave the goldbugs and monopoly organs the pretext they were looking for. They do not now attempt to meet his arguments, but simply cry out "political preaching," "third-partyism," as an answer to all the truths that he is presenting. We regret that Mr. Dixon declared himself a Populist, for while it will help the People's Party, yet it will to some extent damage his influence. It is true that a minister of the pospel ought to have the courage to advocate the right no matter what the circumstances are, but we must remember also that St. Paul must have been thinking about the partisan and prejudiced fools of the world and how they are duped by the political hypocrits when he said, that you must be all thiggs to all men that you may save some. We know some men who claim to be christians, yet who will not accept a christian truth if you put the Methodist label on it. They will reject the truth even when they know it is true, simply because they are prejudiced against the label. And so will other men, if you were to put on a christian truth the Baptist label or the Presbyterian label, or the Episcopal label, they would have none of it,—they would rather go to hell than to be saved through that channel. The same is true of the pohtical world. Mr. Dixon has been doing a grand work, preaching not only the religion of Jesus Christ, but the politics of Christ. He has been preaching the politics that accord with true christianity, but now that he has given the partisan papers a chance to put a label on his politics, the man who loves the label more than he loves the truth, or rather who hates another label (besides his label) more than he loves the truth will now find an excuse for refusing to accept the teachings so forceably presented by Mr. Dixon.

Mr. Dixon is now preaching exactly the same kind of sermons that he has been preaching, but we repeat that for the sake of the label-crats we are sorry that he has seen fit to put a label on the truth. But there is this consolation, it will give fools a chance to show their littleness and weakness.

FACTS THAT TELL A STORY.

The vote in Virginia in the Presidential election of 1892 was as follows:

Cleveland	163,977
Harrison	113,202
Weaver	12,275
Bidwell	2,738
Total	292,192

The vote in the recent gubernatorial election was:

O'Ferrell	126,946
Cocke	81,239
Total	209,185

The vote in 1893 was 83,007 votes smaller than in 1892. That number of voters either staid at home or voted and were not counted.

At the same time the vote in the second district (known as the black belt) stood in 1890, on congressmen, Democratic, 13,472, Republican, 12,717 with 700 votes scattering. This vote shows a Democratic majority of only 55, yet the returns from that district in the present elections gives Mr. O'Ferrell over 11,000 majority or nearly one-fourth of his total majority in the State.

Now this proves that the negro voted the Democratic ticket or at least were counted that way.

NOTICE.

I am authorized to state that Dr. J. A Faison, who contemplated moving to Goldsboro, has now determined, after mature deliberation, to remain at Mt. Olive and continue the practice of medicine. His primary object, in wanting to go to Goldsboro, was the superior advantage of educating his children.

J. B. OLIVER.

Mt. Olive, N. C., Jan. 1st, '94.

THE NEW YORK WORLD'S GAME.

The New York World says:

"As long as John Sherman makes the anty-trust laws, and Richard Olney does not execute them, the trust will continue to thrive."

And so they will, but why does The New York World publish this squib? The World is published by a foreign Jew, and owned by the London Jew goldbug banks, or at least run in their interest. The World will publish items like the above and advocate an income tax or any other measure of reform that will not effect the foreign bankers. They do this to draw the attention of the people from the main issues, and also to fool as many people as possible into thinking the paper is their friend. Let the people remember that The World is the mouth piece of the foreign bond-holders and goldbugs, and will do or say anything to help its backers. In as much as the Democratic party is to champion the cause of the goldbugs, it is good policy for The World to hold up every side issue that the people may be in favor of, so as to try to hold these people in the Democratic party, and thereby make them support the interest of the money powers with their votes.

THAT "INFERNAL REVENUE LAW."

We can now distinctly remember how the Democratic politicians went over the State denouncing the internal revenue laws. They called it the "Infernal Revenue." They called the revenue officers "red legged grasshoppers." Well do we remember how Conductor Jarvis howled "gougers! gougers!!" and made it the burden and chorus of his song. But now the Democrats are not repealing these odious revenue laws, but these Democratic politicians are scrambling over each other for some little place—a whiskey gauger or something else. O these men, O these politicians, O these Democratic red legged grasshoppers! In the mean time the people are thinking.

The Lehigh Valley strike cost the stock-holders of the railroad seven thousand dollars, and cost the strikers their wages. But the road will make this up out of the people. Of course every politician in that section of Pennsylvania who rides on a free pass, or expects to get favors from the railroad will defend such a course and howl cranks at every man who criticises. Did you ever hear of employees of the government striking? Have the postal clerks ever been on a strike? There is food for thought in this matter.

We were asked a few days ago if we endorsed Mr. Vance. In answer to that question we will say, that we endorse every vote that he cast on the silver question. We do not endorse his course in agreeing to the compromise. In short we endorse Mr. Vance just as we would any other man, as far as we think he is right.

Thomas Jefferson advocated a graded tax on large incomes. His theory never went so far as to tax the net incomes of great corporations, while exempting the large salaries of millionaires. There is where Jefferson differs from Cleveland in one of many ways.

ORGANS OUT OF TUNE ON THE VOORHEES BILL.

[Charlotte Observer.]

This is the bill in a nutshell and it is exactly agreeable to the Democratic platform.

[Richmond Dispatch.]

During the debate in the United States Senate on the bill to repeal the Sherman silver law, Mr. Voorhees, chairman of the finance committee, and leader of the repeal forces, declared that he had not abandoned the cause of the free coinage of silver, but would be found at the proper time to be standing on that question just where he had always stood. But on Thursday last Mr. Voorhees, not from the committee, introduced into the Senate a silver bill which has not one feature favorable to local free coinage.

[News-observer-Chronicle.]

Now to come to a consideration of the measure itself, while it is not such a one as we prefer by any means, yet it might in some aspects answer a good purpose.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Business Agency Department:

POULTRY NOTES.

A brother complains that his hens which he had just purchased are very lousy. Turn their feathers back and dust sulphur around them. A mixture of lard or kerosene with snuff and sulphur as a paste, and use a small quantity under each wing and on throat, will help drive them away if repeated for two or three times at intervals of a week. Keep in a dry place in your hen house a dusting box composed of light road dust, ashes, and sulphur: about a peck each of dust and ashes, with 1-4 pd. of sulphur. Put in sulphur every two or three weeks; once or twice a month pour kerosene oil on the rooster pole.

Thousands of egg boxes have been ordered, and the shipment has been made from factory. Hereafter the crates, boxes, cards etc., will be sent from Raleigh. We regret that those for whom boxes were ordered the past month have been put to so much trouble, delay and expense. The boxes were not ordered to be sent per express, but have been sent that way in many cases, and the charges were enormous. It will not happen again.

We wish to ship a carload of eggs every week from Raleigh, Greensboro and Asheville. We think we can sell here at figures that will surprise and please those subs that will agree to ship weekly as per directions given. Can we have 300 subs to agree to this in the counties convenient to these cities? Our eggs are demanding the highest prices in Boston market, and can find buyers for half dozen carloads per week at fancy prices.

The roosting poles should be placed parallel (not one above another) about one foot above the dropping table. This table should be about three to four feet wide and covered with road dust, sand or land plaster, thinly. The droppings should be removed by sweeping off at least twice a week (daily would be better) and mixed with three or four times the amount of dry muck or dirt and keep in a dry place. It is equal to the best guano and good for most any crop. Whitewash your hen houses once a month at least, and throw slacked lime in the cracks and crevices of roof and sides, and on the floor of hen house.

Eggs can be sold through the Business Agent at high prices, if the directions sent out are followed. Ship regularly every week and it will not be very long before we can command for our shipments prices above those quoted.

Have calls for carloads of such eggs as we have been sending to Boston market. Let each sub-alliance take up the plan sent out and do not wait for returns. If you follow directions good prices will surely be received.

A common hen should lay not less than eight dozen eggs a year at 20c. per dozen it would bring $1.60 per hen for eggs. A good Leghorn stock would give fifty per cent more or about $2.50 each. 500 hens would bring more money than fifty bales of cotton if properly attended to and not half the expense of making.

If you wish to know how to make a hot water incubator write to P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, N. J. Enclose a two-cent stamp and tell him what you want. If you wish one already to go to work, and a breeder to take care of chicks write to the State Business Agent, as he is agent for one of the best makes.

A leading duck raiser in New England says that 100 breeding ducks should clear a party from $750 to $1,000 per year. Raise ducks for market and sell at 10 to 12 weeks old. Pekim duck best.

Have the north, east, and west sides of poultry house tight also roof. Let it face the south and during winter the south side should be tight except about two feet from ground.

Chicks hatched in January, February, March and April will at eight weeks old, if well fed and cared for, bring you from 40 to 75 cents each in nothern markets.

The best layers are the Leghorns and thin eggs command the highest prices, often three to five cents above the market price quoted.

Nothing helps laying hens like fresh meat and bone cut up fine. We have a bone mill that cuts it fine enough for small chicks.

Eggs quoted 28 to 30 cents in Boston will net, if properly packed &c., by directions, from 21 to 23 cents.

Ducks 10 to 12 weeks old command in spring from forty cents to one dollar each.

Feed corn to fatten poultry; but not for eggs.

W. S. BARNES.

THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

[Continued from first page.]

In this way the State has lost its recognition, a valuable man has been humiliated, a life-long, working Democrat repudiated and organized labor in the State and elsewhere needlessly and shamelessly affronted. It is hardly possible that Harrell is considered by the President in connection with the appointment, but there is a little quiet talk pointing to tattooed Josephus as a possibility.

A report is current here that Hoke Smith is arranging a deal that will transfer T. J. D. from the chief clerkship of the Interior Department to the government printing office. A man who sells tons and tons of paper to the government every year has hinted very knowingly at such consummation. It was Secretary Smith's intention at one to push the business manager of the Atlanta Journal, his own paper, for this place, but cuckoo Joe will answer a much better purpose in every way. Besides the prestige of being State printer, he served a distinguished apprenticeship both, in the Republican party and the Farmer's Alliance. Politically, he is conspicuously qualified and in an eminent degree meets all the requirements of the office-holding under this aggressively Democratic administration.

MACHINE MADE POSTMASTERS.

Machine postmasters were made to order for Wilmington, Winston, and Salem on the eve of holiday adjournment. It was believed that the machine would not defy public sentiment in Wilmington by its insistance upon Morton's appointment. There were people who believed that it lacked the courage to assume such a responsibility; that a "makeshift" would be substituted at the last moment. They little know the machine who discounts its capacity, its greed and its disdain of public opinion. If Morton, who received the appointment, was an applicant for the place, the postoffice department doesn't show it, but there were at least three urgent, imperative reasons for his appointment. He has wasted a munificent patrimony and is poor; he is in perfect harmony with the machine whose one single purpose is to re-elect Mr. Ransom to the United States Senate, and he is closely identified with a railroad corporation.

Wilson, who got the Winston postoffice, was openly championed by one of the bosses of the Richmond & Danville Railroad and a bank president. A primary was ordered to settle the Salem dispute, but Buxton, the biggest bank president in the United States, a brother-in-law of the man appointed, bullied Bissell, knocked the primary out and had Belo appointed.

And yet "boss" Ransom is not exurberantly happy.

As unfinished business the Monroe appointment will come up immediately after congress reconvenes this week. Sixteen or more candidates are announced. Among them are some who are supposed to have had a hand in disturbing the Populist meeting in Monroe, and afterwards egged the vehicle on its way to the station which contained the editor of THE CAUCASIAN. The selection may turn upon the strongest proof adduced as to the leader or originator of this dastardly work. It may now narrow down to a hot contest between the egg-thrower and pepper-thrower. This suggestion is thrown out so that the contestants may come to Washington equipped with the necessary proofs and affidavits.

The one man who is causing the people in North Carolina deeper concern than all others is the sadly

STRICKEN VANCE.

A loyal, loving, affectionate people keep him daily reminded of their devotion and their prayers for a speedy restoration to health. He is now prostrated and in great physical suffering, of which he hardly complains, is his lot. How long the pain-racked body and mentally harrassed man can endure the suffering that now severely taxes his great will God only knows.

The contemplation of his end is too sorrowful for speculation as to its political effect in the State, yet there are people here, and no doubt they are in North Carolina, too, who think about it and talk about it. It is almost certain that ex-governor Jarvis would be his successor by appointment of Gov. Carr, which would end with the meeting of the Legislature. Consequently there is involved the election of two United States Senators by the Legislature of 1895. Both Ransom and Jarvis will be candidates.

In the improbable event of a Democratic machine legislature the question is every day asked here, "will they form and alliance, and, by doing so, can they elect each other?" Another aspect of the situation is that the election of two senators in 1895 would naturally emphasize the imperativeness of a fusion between the Republicans and Populists, and in that event the election of two anti-machine, independent senators. But North Carolina's

GREAT WAR GOVERNOR

Is not dead. The people devoutly pray that the great North Carolinian, whose devotion to his State in the trying days of the great conflict entitle him to this proud distinction, that his life may long be spared.

It was confidence in his leadership that puts North Carolina to-day at the head of the revolting States in the heroic valor of its soldiery. With a military population in 1861 of 115,000, inspired by Vance's devotion and patriotism, the State gave 125,000 men to the confederate cause. It heads the list in the mortality of its soldiers in battle.

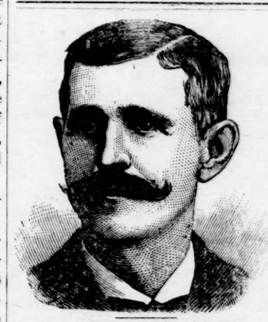
At Cemetery Heights, Gettysburg, the immortal 26th North Carolina, the flower Lee's army, lost 708 out of 800 men. Here is Vance's monument. His heroic devotion to the brave men who fought on every battle-field in Virginia is the secret of their love and devotion to him today. And this is the man, who, by voting the convictions of a life time on a great public question, must be humiliated and ignored by a so-called Democratic administration. When he protests against the appointment of a man unworthy of public trust, it only provokes the administration to resentment.

Encouraged and sustained by his superiors the insignificant fellow who has been made Internal Revenue collector for the Eastern North Carolina district, comes to Washington, stays here for weeks with his nose in the air as he passes the old Roman by unnoticed. Not content with snubbing him, as he imagines, with sublime assurance, as the official head of the Democratic organization in the State, and a repudiator of Cleveland and the Chicago platform at the same time, he "blue pencils" Vance's recommendations.

Can insolence or effrontery go further? And this is the sort of political autocracy that dominates State and National Democracy. The humiliating feature of it all is that there are some well-meaning, self-respecting Democrats who seem so blinded by partisan malignity and so lost to shame, who expect Senator Vance to hanker after Simmon's Liver Regulator and to swallow it without a grimace.

It is perfectly safe to say that Vance's opposition will result in the rejection of both Elias and Simmons, unless the nominations are withdrawn. This would be the decent way of it, but neither of the smirched appointees are any too sensitive on that score. It rests, however, with "boss" Ransom, and there is a carefully circulated surmise that both names will be withdrawn when Tom Emory and Bill Day shall have decided upon Simmons' successor.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'creepy' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recomendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold by All Druggists. aug. 10-2p

MARKETS.

GOLDSBORO.

(Country Produce.)

Cotton, (middling)	7
" (good middling)	7 a 7¼
Hams	14
Sides	12
Shoulders	12½ to 14
Lard	13 to 14
Fodder	60 a 65
Corn	50 a 60
Meal	60 a 65
Peas	40 a 50
Peanuts	50 a 80
Oats	52½ a 60
Eggs	15 a 16
Chickens	20 a 25
Beeswax	20 a 22½
Potatoes	35 to 50

CLINTON.

(Reported by C. P. JOHNSON.)

Cotton	6½
Turpentine, Dip	$1.60
" Hard	1.90
Corn	40 a 50
Peas	40 a 50
Bacon	10 a 12½
Chickens	15 a 20
Eggs	a 15
Beeswax	18 a 22
Butter	20 a 25
Lard	13 a 14
Fodder	90 a 00
Flour	3 00 a 5 50
Hides	5 a 6
Salt, per sack	60 cts

WILMINGTON.

(Naval Stores.)

Spirits Turpentine, quiet	25½
Strained Rosin, firm	80
Good Strained	85
Tar, steady	1 60
Turpentine, (crude) firm, hard	1 00
Yellow Dip	1 05
Virgin	1 60

RALEIGH.

(Cotton.)

Good Middling	7¾
Strict Middling	7½
Middling	7 25
Stains	
Tinges	

Market weak.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

"Many talk about woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life, a death or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

A Hint About the Kitchen.

"If you are much in the kitchen, have comforts there. An easy chair, if it comes from the parlor, a cushion and head rest for it; a shelf near for books and papers. A glance at these for only a moment will take you far away from the routine of house work. A box in which can be kept rubbers, a second pair of shoes to rest the feet, padded on top and covered, will make an ottoman or a seat to a deeper one. Changing the position of one's feet is a wonderful rest. If you have no old rug, put sheets of wadding between burlap, tacking a piece of carpet on top. Learn to work sitting down as much as possible."

The above is taken from the Southern Cultivator. Every man's wife who has to cook should consider it his first duty to see that the room where she rules is made comfortable. It would not take him long to put the well near the house and it would save her many steps; he should see that the kitchen is made close so as she will be comfortable in cold weather. He will find it will be a great help to the wife and add very much to his comfort.

HE.

He was single and singular. Most women would have called him fine looking if it had not been for his nose. He told Cupid privately that his nose had always stood in his way, and no wonder.

It was so long drawn out, so startlingly high as to bridge, but apparently perfect as to draught.

Patiently had this nose stood guard below two kind but bashful blue eyes, and sniffed the breezes of fifty summers and winters of single blessedness.

Cupid was his cat, and he also owned a comfortable looking little fat brown earthen teapot.

Cupid ate from his master's hand the leavings of his bachelor board, while he sought comfort by drinking all but the leaves in the little earthen teapot.

He ended each meal by tipping it up and draining the last drop from its spout.

Cupid always watched this impolite performance with a meditative, wonder-if-that's-good air.

After tea he and Cupid used to sit by the window and watch for *her* across the way.

SHE.

She was not "fat, fair and forty," for the single woman who is forty is yet to be born.

Besides being femininely dark as to age and complexion, she was plump and spry, neat as a new pin, and cheery.

As she sewed or mended in the evenings, her shadow was thrown on the window shade.

That was what he and Cupid watched for across the narrow way.

HIS MUSINGS.

There, she's lighting her lamp, Cupid—going to mend her stockings to-night. I can see her slip her hand into it and hold it up to the light. A neat little foot she must have, too, Cupid.

See there! will you? Done, by Jove! with neatness and dispatch.

Now what? O, I see—going out, and alone too. Demned shame, Cupid! Eh? Wants to go—of course she does—they all do, Cupid. There she comes to fasten her gloves by the light. A neat fit on that jacket—lucky for us old fellows that she comes between the lamp and the window shade.

Now what is she doing? Putting—no "fixing" her bangs as only a woman can, Cupid—a little, just a little old for bangs. Eh, Cupid? But they'll all do it, even if it does give 'em a "mutton-dressed-as-lamb" look, God bless 'em! Now she's turning down the light.

The shadow grows dimmer—going, going, gone, Cupid. Well, we will smoke our pipe and think. What do you say, pardner?

For answer, Cupid jumped upon his shoulder.

Then he lit his pipe and was so busy thinking and smoking that he forgot to pull down the window shade.

When his pipe was smoked out, he sat on thinking and mechanically stroking Cupid.

At last he arose and glanced out of the window in the direction of his cheery little neighbor.

To his surprise he saw her hastily leave her window and lower the shade.

He whistled softly and said: "Do you think, Cupid, that she has been looking at us, that is, at you, Cupid?" and he smiled again.

HER MUSINGS.

He looks as if he might be nice. But such a nose!

"Such a nose!" croaked her parrot from her ring in the corner. She laughed and held out a finger and the parrot was soon perched on it.

Had he across the way only known it, this parrot was the gift of a rejected lover. She had at once dubbed the parrot Company. Then she kept her in the dark and drilled her on one significant sentence.

When the ex-lover called to see how she took his gift the parrot called out: "Two's company, two's company, three's a crowd," while she looked innocent and smiled. So the parrot got her queer name and the ex-lover got his answer. But to return to her musings:

"Him! His nose and his neckties explain his being single. The neckties could be remedied (here she smiled mischievously and blushed), the nose, well, that couldn't. Well, he looks as if he was lonesome trying to keep house alone. I suppose every room needs a good thorough sweeping and dusting. Men don't know how to keep house, do they, Company?

"Never! Never out!" croaked the parrot, somewhat irrelevantly, from her schoolboy lore.

She laughed. "Yes, but it's 'Never in!' not 'Never out' with some men. Well, I feel sorry for him some way. I hope he didn't see me peeping at him."

HE, SHE, CUPID AND COMPANY.

New Year's day, 1894, dawned brightly in the street where he and she lived. In the window of her house there was a For Rent sign.

But dainty muslin curtains were up at his windows and the sun looked in at a happy group.

He sat before the cheerful grate fire in the little parlor that had been touched and transformed by a woman's deft fingers.

She sat in his lap, and adjusted to her fancy a new necktie she had suddenly produced from behind her.

Cupid, resplendent in a red leather collar, dozed on the cushioned window-seat in the sunshine, and purred contentedly at the new order of things.

He and she were laughing at Company swinging in her ring at the other window.

For he had just said to her: "What a happy New Year this will be for you and me—for Cupid and for Company."

But at the sound of her name Company had promptly croaked: "I doubt it! I doubt it! *Two's* company! *Two's* company."

Then he and she laughed and their laugh had a Many-Happy-New-Year's ring to it that augured well in these panicy times for the firm of He, She, Cupid & Co., in spite of Company's croaking.

HIS NEW YEAR'S MAIL.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

"Ah, now, this is pleasant!" cried young Mr. Dovecot, as he threw aside his newspaper on the morning of the 1st of January. "What more can a man want than a beefsteak such as we had for breakfast, a clear fire like this, and a little wife of his own? By the way, my dear, you are looking very charming this morning. I do not remember ever having seen that dress before."

"It—it's a surprise," faltered Mrs. Dovecot, turning very pink. "I am so glad you like it—you know I try to please you in all things."

"I couldn't help admiring it, my dear. I pity those poor fellows who are bachelors—I was telling Jollyeliffe so only yesterday."

"Yes, indeed, and I was saying to Marie that she would never know what real happiness is until she is married."

"We must ask them both to dinner some evening and try to make a match between them. Ah, there comes the postman, tramping through the snow."

"I'll go and meet him, I hate to keep him waiting."

"No, I'll go; you might catch cold from the draught."

A moment later he returned, saying: "See what a pile of letters; invitations

"OH, FERDIE, HOW EXTRAVAGANT!"

and New Year's greetings, no doubt. Hello!"

"What is the matter?" queried Mrs. Dovecot, who was anxiously looking over the letters.

"A bill for *another* ton of coal—why, I paid for one only the other day!"

"But don't you remember? I forgot to give you the other one when it came, and"—

"I remember, you forgot it until after your sealskin was bought. What's this? O, never mind;" and he stuffed a bill into his pocket; it fell out and she pounced upon it.

"O, Ferdie, another suit; how extravagant!"

"My dear, a man must look decent, if he is married. By the way, when your china painting is *quite* finished I wish you would mend the hole in my pocket."

"Why, Ferdie you said the other day that I musn't prick my little fingers with sewing;" and she burst into tears. In drawing out her handkerchief she dropped a bill which he picked up.

"Clara Dovecot! another dressmaker's bill!"

"Only for the dress I have on, dear. I wanted to surprise you."

"Well, my love, you have succeeded and here's a bill for a bath robe. I never bought a bath robe."

"O, Ferdie, that was your birthday present, and—"

"In future we will do without birthday presents, my dear; I can't afford them. What's this? O, only the statement from my club."

"And you promised me you'd give the club and stay at home when we were married!"

"And here's a bill for ice cream and lunches; what extravagance!"

"O, dear, if I'd known how unkind you are I never would have married you!"

"And if I'd known your temper never would have asked you!"

"I shall tell Marie never to marry as long as she lives!"

"And I shall tell Jollyeliffe that he is the luckiest dog I know!"

And that was why they didn't speak for the rest of the day.

The Rose and the Thorn.

It's nice to hear the joyous chimes
The bells on New Year's ring;
Unless, of course, you catch betimes
A cold that lasts till spring.

THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., JAN. 4, '94.

WAYNE COUNTY.

WATCH FOR THE BLUE CROSS

A blue cross opposite your name means that your subscription will expire before the end of the month; and if you desire the paper go to you any longer you must send in your renewal by that time. The low price of the paper makes it JUST OUT OF THE QUESTION to send it longer than it is paid for. Be governed accordingly.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. B. Fonvielle—Leading Grocer.
Brown & Gardner—New Firm.
Haussman & Dunn—Elastic Belt Truss.
R. H. Shumway—Seeds.
Robert Buist—Seed Grower.
T. B. Parker—Jersey Calves for Sale.

☞We wish to request our readers when writing to any of the above companies to say that you saw the advertisement in THE CAUCASIAN.

Mr. Ruffin Sullivan was brought to town yesterday, by E. T. Sasser and Albert Aycock, and committed to jail until he can be gotten into the Asylum; he having become a lunatic.

There will be an Alliance meeting at Walnut Creek Church, near Beston, on Friday the 26th inst. Brother Butler will address the meeting and the public are invited. Bring well-filled baskets.

The Wayne county alliance will meet with Saulston alliance on Friday, Jan. 12th, at Wood's Grove church.

Brother Butler will address the meet ng Providence permitting.

The firm of Brown & Latham has been dissolved by Mr. Latham withdrawing and Rev. J. W. Gardner becomes a partner of Mr. Brown. The firm will be Brown & Gardner hereafter.

Mr. A. C. Green, of Wake, made us a pleasant call a few days rgo while passing through the city. He is still in the middle of the road and sees no cause for discouragement for the cause of reform.

We learn that Capt. R. P. Howell has resigned his position as cashier of the Bank of Wayne. It will seem a little odd to not see "Phil" when you go into the bank. We trust he has something as good as cashier in view.

The editor returns thanks to Capt. Daniel Cogdell for a fine delicious water melon brought us as a New Year's present. It was sound and solid as when plucked and had lost but little of its flavor and sweetness. We did not know that they could be kept so long and we doubt if we could have kept it.

Ye Local is no longer a town tacky but a genuine country hoosier or hayseeder, having gone back to his old calling—that of trying to make his hog and hominy. Now don't think that the hog ordinance had anything to do with the move. If you do, think it mighty low, in a whisper like, or there might be a funeral in town.

The compositor in setting up the ad of the "Hustler" in last issue had it W. L. instead of E. L. Edmundson. We make the correction this week, though we do not know that it is necessary as he is known as well by the name "Hustler" as by the name his mama gave him, and it suits him much better for indeed, he is a hustler. If you doubt it, visit his store and see for yourslves.

Last Monday was the first day of the week, the first day of the month and the first day of the year. This looks like a square start and the fellow that can't keep the record of time straight this year had better give it up and let some one else do the calculating for him. When will this thing happen again? This is for the children to answer through the "Children's Corner."

The South side has not been idle in the matrimonial field during the holidays. Esquire W. H. Burch has tied the following knots within the last few days: G W Sutton and Miss Sallie King; Jas A Myers and Miss Della A Bordeaux, R R Wiggins and Miss Florence Bordeaux; Alonzo Thompson and Miss Susan Tadlock. If the Squire could have such a season all the year round wouldn't it be nice, that is, if they all had a nice supper as well as a marriage.

We learn that the bridge over Stony creek on the A. & N. C. railroad known as the Dark House, took fire from an engine a few days ago, and only for the efforts of Mr. Earnest Loftin, who saw the fire from his house and hurried to it, the company would have suffered the loss of the structure, entailing a loss of several thousand dollars. We hope the company will not forget Mr. Loftin for his timely efforts in thus s rving them. He, of course, feels that he done nothing but his duty, but he deserves the thanks of the company for having done that duty.

Old papers for sale at this office.

Mr. William Taylor, died quite sudden at his residence in this city on Monday morning about four o'clock. He had been suffering with indigestion for some time and on Monday morning about 3 o'clock he was taken severlly ill and sent for Dr. Cobb; he only lived about 1 hour after the Dr. got to him. Mr. Taylor, was about 60 or 65 years of age we suppose, and an excellent man. He was another of the old land marks of Goldsboro; one by one they drop off. A few years more and not one of the old settlers will be left. Capt. Phillips, Col. Nelson, Col. Washington, A. H. Keaton, E. B. Borden W. W. Crawford, and probably a few others ar: the only ones left.

Dr. H. F. Freeman, of Wilson, spent Christmas with his brothers, R. C. and R. F. Freeman, of our city. We had a pleasant call from him while here and while we regre: that he did not find the Editor-in-Chief in, it did Ye Local good to have long talk with him on the political outlook. The Doctor is in the middle of the road for a square fight for principle; and the Doctor is right. Make the fight for principle, inviting all who believe we are right to enlist under our banner; and those who believe we are wrong, invite them to a fair fight. Educate the masses to think and act for themselves, to have no bosses and with men thus educated and united, we do no fear to trust them to preserve American liberty.

The County Commissioners and Board of Magistrates were in session on Monday. The Magistrates authorized the board to use sufficient of the county's fund to repair Cox's bridge. The board transacted the usual business; Owen Holmes and Matt Lee each tendered their resignation as members of the board of education. Mr. N. W. Musgrove was appointed in the place of Mr. Holmes. No successor of Mr. Lee has been appointed yet. E. A. Wright, for the North side, and W. H. Davis for the South side, were appointed stock registers. Liquor license were granted to the following persons: W. H. Hales, Fremont; Scott & McDaniel, Eureka; J. A. Edwards, Dudley; B. Lehman & Co., J. L. Dickinson, Jno. M. Grantham, Dock Smith, John W. Edwards, Goldsboro.

A Clear Case of Dog-ish Persecution.

In our last issue we had occasion to speak of the outrage upon Jackson Edwards by the Mayor fining him $12.50 for killing a miserable cur, after said cur had made a square meal from Jackson's hand. Now the parties have gone still further in their unmerciful persecution and taken out a State warrant against him and had him bound over to court under a $200 bond. This looks like some one is possessed of a very revengeful heart, and is altogether wrong. Jackson should have a chromo for killing the dog instead of being persecuted in this way.

PINKNEY ITEMS.

The matrimonial fever still rages in this section. The following new cases have recently developed: John Morriss and Miss Fanny Jones, of Rocky Point; Robert Barden and Miss Victoria Overman; Net Barden and Miss Bettie Peele; Henry Bass and Miss Martie Holland.

Mr. James Edgerton and family, and Wm. Morriss and family, left for Dallas, Texas, their future home, last week.

Mrs. Carpenter closed an interesting meeting at Nahunta church last Sunday.

Mr. Patrick Barden was married to Miss Melissa Jarrell, near Kenly, last Wednesday. E.

PRESS OPINIONS.

WHO CAN ANSWER IT?

[National Watchman.]

When Carlisle said that a conspiracy had been formed to destroy silver, and that it was the most gigantic crime of this or any age, he was a Democrat. When he joined the conspiracy and consummated the crime he was still a Democrat, which leads the Populists hereabout to inquire, "What is a Democrat anyhow?"

A Biblical Definition.

[Nonconformist.]

Democratic promises of reform are like the scriptural definition of faith: "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Tit For Tat.

[Chicago Sentinel.]

In 1873 we had a Republican panic; we are now having a Democratic panic. Which do you think is entitled to the prize?

A Heavy Charge That.

[Chicago Sentinel.]

A correspondent claims that we criticise Democrats more than we do Republicans. Well, about the worst thing we ever said about the Democratic party is that it has simply stepped into the shoes of the Republican party. And that is mean enough, we confess.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

Cleveland Appoints Another Republican.

Cleveland has nominated Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, to be ambassador to Italy. He has been a life-long Republican, was minister to Turkey under Grant, went to Louisiana in the interest of Hayes for the stolen Presidency, and was Attorney General in Garfield's cabinet. He is a brother-in-law of Don Cameron, the Republican Senator from Pennsylvania, and is now the active attorney of the Pennsylvania Railroad. But he voted for Cleveland in the last election, because he admired a Democrat who is a Republican mugwump. And thus Cleveland is bringing the two parties together.

NEWS BREVITIES.

The Durham Globe has been sold to Mr. John W. Jenkins, formerly associate editor of the Raleigh Christian Advocate. The whereabouts of Col. Fairbrother is not known.

Mr. I. Shrier, a large clothing merchant of Wilmington, N. C., made an assignment on Dec. 28th.

Pendergrast, the slayer of Mayor Harrison, will hang. The jury say that he was not insane.

Gov. Lewelling has removed Mrs. Lease from the position of President of the State Board of Charities.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The subscription rates of THE CAUCASIAN in the future will be

One year	$1.00
Six months	60
Three months	35

That is, a single one for six months will be 60 cents. But if the subscriptions are sent in a club of as many as four, we will sent it for 50 cents. That is, for $2.00 sent at one time we will send four copies for six months each. In clubs of at least six we will send the paper for 25 cents. That is, for $1.50 we will send six copies for three months each.

You will readily see the necessity of this. It costs as much and takes an much time to keep a record of a three months' subscription as it does for a subscriber for a year. A number who subscribed for the paper for three months are now renewing for three months more. This f rces us to make four entries for a subscriber for one year, and therefore costs us four times as much as if the subscriber had sent a dollar at one time for a year. Let every subscriber try to take the paper for a year. It is better for us and the subscriber too. (tf)

Sampson County News.

DEATH OF MRS. FAISON.

Mrs. Walter E. Faison, of Washington, D. C., died of heart failure at the residence of Dr. J. H. Faison, Sunday morning, Dec. 20th. The remains were interred in the Clinton cemetery on Christmas day. Rev. Peter McIntyre conducted the burial services. Mrs. Faison was a daughter of the late Rev. James Sprunt, of Wilmington.

She leaves a husband, a daughter, Nellie, a son, Haywood, and two infant children born only a few hours before her death. She was a charming and most superior woman. It is indeed a strange dispensation of Providence to take one so valuable to society and just at this time so indispensible to her own family.

SHOT IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

Mr. George Roberson, of South Clinton, was shot in his own house by Mr. Elijah Fortner, on Saturday night, Dec. 23rd. It seems that Fortner was behaving in an unseemly way about the premises and Roberson forbade him entering the house. Whereupon Fortner struck Roberson and a fight ensued, in which Fortner was worsted. He then left but soon returned with a shot gun, and discharged the contents into the room where Roberson was, striking him in the shoulder with one shot only. A posse from Clinton arrested Fortner the same night and he was lodged in jail till Tuesday when he was brought before a Justice of the Peace and bound over to court under $300 bond. Failing to give the required bond, he was committed to jail to await the next term of court.

MARRIAGES.

Bryant-Carroll.

Mr. J. W. Bryant, of Newton Grove, and and Miss Irene Carroll, of Turkey, were married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Frank Carroll, on Wednesday evening, December 20th.

Bell-Boyette.

Mr. M. M. Bell, of Piney Grove, and Miss Stella Boyette, were married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. J. E. Boyette, in North Clinton, on Dec. 20th.

Bowen-Royal.

Mr. Ivey Bowen of Pender county, and Miss Ida Royal, daughter of Mr. Molton Royal, were married in Honeycutt's township, on Christmas day. The young couple have gone to Georgia to seek their fortune.

Prof. O. J. Peterson has been elected Principal of the Clyde High School, Haywood county, N. C. He left for Clyde via C. F. & Y. V. and W. N. C. R. R. last Thursday.

ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

COUNTY MEETINGS.

Alexander county will hold its next quarterly meeting with Bethel Sub-Alliance on Jan. 11th and 12th.

JNO. L. LEFLER.

Sampson county will hold its next quarterly meeting on the 2nd Thursday in January at Popular Grove. The public is invited to come out and hear Dr. Cy. Thompson deliver an address. Bring your baskets.

J. S. HINES.

Franklin county at Louisburg on 2nd Thursday in January.

J. M. WHITE.

Iredell county Alliance will be held on Friday Jan. 12th in the Court House in Statesville, N. C. Maj. Wm. A. Graham will address the public in the Court House in the afternoon.

M. E. RAMSEY, Sec'y.

THE COUNTY ALLIANCE.

The Sampson County Farmer's Alliance will meet with the Keener Union at Poplar Grove on the second Thursday in January.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will be with and lecture Nash county alliance on Thursday, the 11th of Jan. A full attendance is earnestly desired.

DR. THOMPSON SPEAKS.

EDITOR THE CAUCASIAN:—Saturday, Dec. 23rd, was the meeting of Ingold Union Alliance. At 11 o'clock Dr. G. M. Mosley introduced that gifted and matchless Dr. Cyrus W. Thompson, who entertained us for three hours with unanswerable arguments. One old lady said those were the shortest t'ree hours she ever saw. I cannot say enough in praise of the Doctor's speech. He left no stone unturned. The Doctor is a fine speaker and I think with a little practice would make a splendid preacher, for he is certainly very familiar with the Bible.

And after the speaking was over, we were invited to dinner on a long, well-filled table, and at that late hour, three o'clock, the inner man began to feel the need of refreshment The dinner was bountiful and showed that the ladies around Ingold know how to serve a meal in good style.

The physical man being satisfied and the intellectual man having feasted on some of the richest food that could be procured in North Carolina, we all went on our way home rejoicing. Surely the cause of Reform is on a boom, and how can it be otherwise with such men as Dr. Cyrus W. Thompson at the helm.

May he live long to carry on the great work. SUB.

Dec. 28th, 1893.

NOTICE.

If any of our subscribers are failing to get the paper on the same week it is published they will confer a favor by letting us know, giving us the route over which the same reaches them. If on Star routes give us the railroad office from which it starts and days and hour of leaving. We desire this information that we may endeavor to adopt some plan by which we can reach all of our readers the week of publication,

MARION BUTLER.

A Revolution In Eating

has been brought about by the introduction of COTTOLENE, the new vegetable shortening. The discovery of this product, and the demonstration of its remarkable qualities, has attracted the widest interest. Hitherto the common shortening has been lard, or indifferent butter. Every one has probably suffered occasional discomfort from lard-cooked food; while it is well known that thousands are obliged to abstain entirely from everything of that kind. To such people, COTTOLENE is of peculiar value, widening as it does, the range of what may be eaten and enjoyed. COTTOLENE is a cooking marvel. It *combines* with the food—imparts to it a tempting color, a delicate flavor, and an appetizing crispness. No trace of greasiness remains to offend the taste, or disturb the digestion.

COTTOLENE is worthy of the careful notice of all those who value good food, of itself or for its hygienic properties.

Sold by Leading Grocers.
Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS.

GRADE JERSEY CALVES FOR SALE.

From two to six weeks old. Three fourths Jersey. Only six dollars each if taken soon. Full blood Jersey and Holsten calves cheap. Best Bronze Turkeys, $2.00 for hens $2.25 for goblers. Order at once. Address

T. B. Parker,
Goldsboro, N. C.

History has set the last word on the scroll, has rolled it and sealed it, and Time places it among the myriad other mysterious records which fill his treasure-house. The year has gone, or rather let us say, the year has become our own forever; no mutation nor accident can take from us its days and hours. Looking back at this season over the centuries of the world's history, we see ourselves the crown and glory of them all, at the apex of human greatness. That for which the dreamers yearned in the dim old times, when men were "girt with doubtful light," has become a reality, that for which the great of earth prayed, when ignorance and brutality reigned supreme, stands glorious and permanent in the sunlight of the smile of the Creator. The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God are recognized as great facts all over the earth to-day.

A retrospect fills us with awe and wonder at the mighty forces, the Omnipotent Power that have led the world along, through paths dark and bloody, through fiery trials and conflicts, to the glad Present and the hill-top of Hope, from which we may view the Beulah land of the glorious future. In the immutable purpose running throughout the warp and woof of human history, we see the sign of the Divine hand upon all nations. Throughout all the ages, up to this very hour when we stand upon the verge of a new year and a new epoch, man's errors have never been able to thwart that purpose, though they have made suffering a necessity in the purification of human ideals.

Our own nation has become the heir of the world's noblest heritage both spiritual and material. Every new year has marked a stride forward of liberty under law, of culture and prosperity. But little more than a century ago, the patriots of our land looked forward to the new year with doubt and almost despair. Foes were on every side, ready to invade and desecrate the home of freedom, which was then comprised in a narrow strip of thinly settled country on the shores of our eastern ocean. To-day the temple of liberty is arched by skies stretching from ocean to ocean, and it is filled with the fairest trophies of man's endeavor. Art, science, literature and religion have been revivified by the breath of the republic, which, like the Hercules of the fable, has strangled the lion of tyranny, has performed the labors deemed impossible, and reigns the ideal of government in every land, a vital force in the world, a center of impulse and aspiration.

A runner must pause to take breath, a bird's flight cannot be straight upward or its wings will weary, and now and again fate lays her hand upon nations that they may pause to view whence they have come and whither they go. The year just past has witnessed such a halt in our own career of material prosperity. Though financial distress was widespread, and the wheels of commerce almost idle, though the palsy of inaction seized upon our legislators, even this pause in the race has made its contribution to our national greatness. The people of our country have seen with swelling hearts the patriotism of the leaders of the masses rising above all political and personal motives and the noble charity of the favored of fortune to the poor and unfortunate has quickened the fraternal spirit and softened class prejudice. Public and private beneficence has reached a height never before witnessed in any country, and the narrow lines of intolerance have been erased or dimmed by the chastening touch of adversity.

As individuals, the New Year opens to us boundless opportunities. If it bring sorrow, is not woe the fire that is to burn the dross from our souls? If it bring poverty, let us remember that there is an infinite side to it, and the poor have before them a world of hope and endeavor that is closed to those who must make no struggle against opposing forces. Riches may be its boon, but riches are precious only for their power of conferring happiness and enlightenment upon the world. Death may be its cup of healing, yet there is no death but the cessation of endeavor; and leaving this fair earth is no more death than merely living upon it is life.

False was the song of the poet who said that the New Year is a "Time for memory and for tears." For memory it is indeed a time, for the gleaned sheaves of the sweetness of past days is an imperishable possession, but tears, even though their waters surge over the fragments of shattered resolve and self-murdered hope, are vain and idle. Then let us give Time a benediction as he turns his glass, for he has mingled the bitter in our draught of life with sweet, and as the blithe New Year assumes the robe and crown shout with earnest hearts: "Le roi est mort, vive le roi."

The Opening Wedge.

Miss Pinkerly—Have you made any New Year's resolution, Mr. Tutter?

Tutter—Yes, Miss Pinkerly. I have solemnly resolved not to be so bashful.

Miss Pinkerly—How nice! By the way, have you seen the arm-chair papa gave me for Christmas? It's big enough for two.—Truth.

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

BY OLIVE OHNET.

FAREWELL, farewell, the best of friends must part,
And as a token of how dear thou art,
How fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year,
Here take a glint of gold from out my hair,
A shade of rose from cheek and lip, and there
Sprinkle a touch of snow before you go,
Old Year, before you go.

Good-by, God-speed, all earthly things must end,
One look into your fading eyes, my friend,
So fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year,
There's mild regret within my heart in place of pain,
All that was sweet in thee shall once again
In memory live and make me glad,
Old Year: then why be sad?

Now that we're parting, I'm impelled to say,
What I've in secret thought for many a day—
Yet still I love you, dear Old Year.
You've always worn a somewhat somber face,
You've never had the winsome sprightly grace
That I remember in your foregone kin,
Old Year, that I have ushered in.

Your stay was shorter, too, it seems to me,
Than that of former years was wont to be.
Oh, fond and dear Old Year, Old Year,
Mayhap for me all time is near complete,
And toward the end you're hast'ning with glad feet.
Then speed, no longer stay,
Old Year, go swift thy way!

Two citizens meeting on the streets of Goldsboro the following conversation took place:

1st C.—What is the matter with cotton?

2d C.—It has been counted out.

1st C.—No, you mean it has gone Democratic.

THE CAUCASIAN is an eye opener every week. You can not afford to do without it.

NEW FIRM.

Brown & Gardner.

Successors to
Brown, Latham & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Hardware
AND CUTLERY.

The New Firm extends its New Year's Greeting. We ask all the patrons of the old to call to see us. And besides we bespeak the patronage of the public generally. Call to see us.

BROWN & GARDNER,
Jan. 4-1y.] Goldsboro, N. C.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

We take this method of informing our friends and the public generally that we have on hand and will keep a full line of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS SHOES, HATS, TINWARE, CROCKERY, &C.,

All of which we offer at the very LOWEST CASH PRICES.

We will not be undersold by any one. With those who have traded with us we need no further recommendation. Those who have not should get our prices before buying.

A. J. Harrell & Son,
(On Walnut Street, at the Centennial Pump,)
Goldsboro, N. C.
Sept. 28-tf.

PRETTIEST BOOK EVER PRINTED. FREE
SEED Cheap as dirt by oz. and lb. *One Cent a pkg.* UP, if rare.
Cheap, pure, best. 1,000,000 extra. Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free.
R. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill.

FOR THE RUPTURED
DUNN'S AIR PAD ELASTIC BELT TRUSS IS THE BEST.
Can be worn day and NIGHT with perfect comfort, cool and clean) Any one can fit it. All Trusses Guaranteed. Sent by mail or express prepaid on receipt of price $2.50. Sealed circulars sent on application.
HAUSSMANN & DUNN 211 Madison St., Chicago.
Mf'g. of all Kinds of Surgical Appliances and Veterinary Goods.

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DAY and night it puts your business before the people. It carries your message to the homes and firesides of thousands of people. If you have something to sell it goes to the people who will buy. If you want to buy something, it goes to those who can sell it to you. Advertise in THE CAUCASIAN, and keep in touch with the people. For rates address

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Record 100 per cent.
169 Chicks out of 169 fertile eggs. Guaranteed absolutely self-regulating and to hatch fully 80 per cent. or fertile eggs, or money refunded. Reasonable in price. Self-regulating Brooders. Send 4 cts. for catalogue, testimonials, etc.
H. M. SHEER & BRO., Quincy, Ill.

1894. 1894.

H. WEIL & BROS.

Propose to do the Business in 1894 as they have done for more than 25 years past, by honorable, fair and square dealing they have gained the confidence of the people, and by continuing in giving to our customers the best of GOODS for the LEAST MONEY will always stand at the head of the list. All we sell we can recommend, only superior Goods find Room in our Stores and Warehouses. An Article bought of H. WEIL & BROS is a guarantee of excellence.

We Offer to Purchasers

1,000 Tons German Kainit, our own Importation, "Genuine."
500 " Acid Phosphate, 13 per cent. Phosp. Acid Guaranteed.
500 " Prolific Cotton Grower.
Make your contracts for your Guanos now.
We have in Stock
2,000 Bushels Rust Proof Seed Oats.
500 Barrels Lime.
50,000 Pounds of Meat; if you have to buy meat buy it now, it is cheaper now by 4 cents in the pound than last summer, and cheaper than it will be again this summer.

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT, DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT
Are filled with the best of Goods. Come and see us or send us your Mail Orders, which shall have our prompt attention.

H. WEIL & BROS..

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Goldsboro, - - - - North Carolina.

THIS SPACE BELONGS —TO— I. B. FONVIELLE,

THE
LEADING GROCER
READ HIS ADVERTISEMENT NEXT WEEK.

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I WILL SELL ALL MY STOCK OF GOODS AT CUT PRICES FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Men's and Women's all solid Shoes at $1.00 and up.
Children's Shoes cut very low.
1,000 yards Pant goods at 20c. a yd.
500 yards of Bedtick from 8c. to 18c. Calicos from 5c. up.
A full stock of Dry Goods, Hats, and Notions at Bargain Prices.

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Prices so low that I will sell for CASH only.

Ed. L. EDMUNDSON, THE HUSTLER.
Goldsboro, - N. C.
(tf.)

SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

In order to meet the continued stringency of the times—since people will be sick when money is scarce, as well as when it is plentiful, I have made a Sweeping Reduction in all

Standard Patent Medicines!

I handle all the proprietary Patent Medicines and popular Specifics and am selling the bottles heretofore sold—and now sold elsewhere at $1,

FOR 85 CENTS CASH.

SPICER'S DRUG STORE,
West Centre St.,
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☞We also keep everything usually found at a First-class Drug Store. [Nov. 2-tf.

New Era "Disc" Churn LATEST THING OUT.
Butter in 5 minutes. Any temperature. Send for circulars. Address,
THE "DISC" CHURN CO., 611-36 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

TO LET.

Two Cottage residences on James Street, near the Bank, one larger dwelling on Mulberry street, lately occupied by J. W. Lamb.
Dec. 7-4t.] W. T. FAIRCLOTH.

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A twenty-five Horse Farm, in lots to suit renters, to parties who can furnish their own teams. Apply to GEO. W. BEST, at Farm near Beston or H. J. HAM, Goldsboro, N. C.
Dec. 7—4t

SECRET WORK! BOYS JOIN! KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, great, growing Secret Order, admitting young men. Grip, passwords, tests, signs, badges, ritual, great parade initiation. Local canvassers wanted. Sealed commission free. Send stamp. Address K. of C., Box 44, Indianapolis, Ind.

Notice!

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of Arnold B. Williams, dec'd, late of Wayne county, N. C. This is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said dec'd, to present them to the undersigned on or before the first day of December, 1894, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

J. F. DOBSON, Adm'r.
Dec. 1st, 1893. 4t.

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Ladies or Gents, send for Free catalogue. Big Profits.
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300 by Express for	$1.25.
500 by Express for	$1.50.
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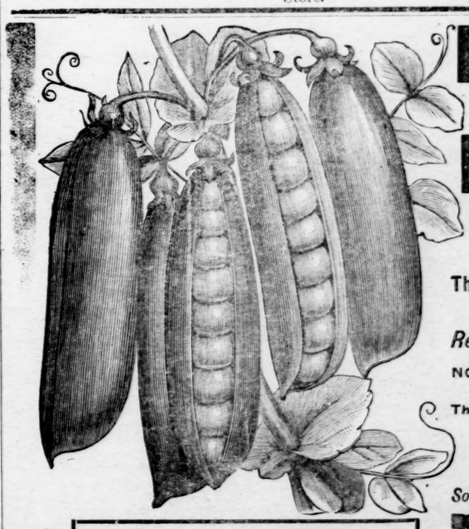

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NO RUNNERS—
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They BEAT ALL RECORDS for EARLINESS—
First in the New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago markets for the past 3 years.

Over 5000 Bushels
Sold in North Carolina and Virginia in 1893
Delivered in GOLDSBORO FREIGHT PAID.

They are put up in 2, 4 and 5 bushel sacks, each sack Lead Sealed.

BUIST'S EARLY MORNING-STAR PEAS are sold ONLY in our LEAD SEALED Sacks.
☞ *Those sent out in any other way are spurious.*

Price per Bushel, $3.75. 10 Bushels at $3.50. 25 Bushels at $3.25.

Send for our SPECIAL PRICE LIST of Seeds for Market Gardeners.

—SEND FOR OUR— SOUTHERN GARDEN GUIDE AND ALMANAC —FOR— 1894 JUST OUT!

ROBERT BUIST,

Seed Grower, PHILADELPHIA.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

BENNY'S HORSE.

By Mary Catherine Lee.

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.

Benny came down to the ground in a twinkling. "Oh, you dear old fellow, you!" said he, hugging 'Bijah around the waist. "But where'd the saddle come from!".

"Oh, I brought it home to try," said 'Bijah. "I guess yer Pa 'n' yer Grandma'll want you to hev a saddle."

Mr. Breese laughed, and said Benny must, of course, have a saddle,

"And the horse must have a name, I suppose," added he. "'Bijah, you ought to name your own work of art."

"I had to call him something," said 'Bijah. "I can't be a t-alkin' to folks all the time and never call 'em by name, so I called him Gen'ral Putnam—Gen'ral Israel Putnam."

And General Israel Putnam he was from that day, and he and Benny Breese were the admired ot all admirers as they pranced up and down the streets of Still Harbor. Every boy in town was devoured with envy, and every girl, when she read about "the princely youth" who, "just as the melancholy shades of eve were approaching," or "just as the rosy fingers of the dawn were about to glid the chambers of the cast," was seen to "emerge from the gates of the castle seated upon a richly caparisoned palfrey," thought of Benny Breese.

When the morning of the Fouth of July, arrived, it is thought to be very appropriate that Genral Israel Putnam should join in the celebration of the day. There was to be a gorgeous procession in the morning, a balloon ascension from the Green in the afternoon, and fire-works in evening. The procession was decided to be the part of the programme in which General Putnam would figure best. Therefore, in due season, on the morning of the glorious day, the General—his name garnished with red, white and blue ribbons, with bows of ribbons and knots and garlands of flowers bedecking him generally and profusely, and Benny Breese, in a brand-new jacket and trousers, with a button-hole bouquet and white cotton gloves—pranced down the street to the Green in a spirited way which thrilled every beholder, and took his place in the slowly forming procession as "The Spirit of 1876" (this was the centinal Fourth of July). The balance and offset to Benny was "The Spirit of 1776"—represented by a young farmer's boy in cocked hat and knee-breeches, wearing the rusty sword with which one of his ancestors had cut down a British soldier in the Revolutionary battle of Still Harbor. These two were to ride side by side in the very head and front of the procession. An admiring crowd surrounded them. While the marshals of the day were getting into line the barouches bearing the dignitaries of the borough, and the chariots of school children, Benny sat looking about in a a dignified way, accepting graciously the the homage of all beholders. He noticed that boy who was always getting above him in his class, who beat him at ball, and owned a shot-gun, stood in the dust at his feet. He observed that Miss Rose Roberts, who had a way of making him feel very clumsy and low-spirited, was looking on from the piazza of her house, which stood on the Green. His father and mother, and especialy his sister Fanny, would now see, he hoped, what a superior boy he was.

The files were formed, the marshals took their places beside the ranks, and the band started up.

The band started up, did I say? General Israel Putnam started up as well,—up, up, Up, on his hind legs, and Benny Breese went down down, Down, and was soon keeping company in the dust with the unworth boy who owned the shot-gun. A broad space soon cleard itself around General Putnam, who, greatly to the dishonor of his name, moved out of the procession, still on his hind legs, and began a regular motion, from side to side, forward and back, all the while gracefully waving his fore legs in the air, after the manner of most approved trained circus horses. Benny arose and stood in the dust with the crowd.

Have you heard of the Spartan boy who, when a coal of fire dropped into his sleeve, let it remain there until it had burned a deep hole in his flesh, and made no sigu, moved not a muscle? That boy had a rival in Benny as he stood and gazed on the General. Blank wonder kept him rooted in silence to the spot: but he was also a spunky boy, and clung to his dignity even when the owner of the shot-gun shouted, "The Down-pirit of '76!" Down he was, and somewhat down-spirited, too, but he held up his head and appeared to be the most absorbed and interested of all the spectators.

Apparently, General Putnam meant never to give up dancing until the band gave up playing. On, still on, went the jig, to the rare delight of every small boy and the amazement of their elders.

The procession moved on disregarded, but everybody elbowed and tiptoed, eranded his neck or got up on a fence, to see the dancing horse.

Suddenly there was a misstep—an interference,—a someting wrong,—and poor General Putnam reeled and came down with a gigantic flop upon the ground.

Then ensued confusion, made up of renewed efforts to see, shouts of derision, and exclamations of pity. The crowd closed around the poor horse until the sheriff made his appearance and drove it back, to let the animal get up if he could. With some help, he struggled to his feet, and stood there, the very picture of b ffled ambition, of disgraceful failure—a meek and tousled looking horse, at any rate. His knees to gay were torn and awry. He was but the caricature of that noble steed which came caracoling and curveting down the street but an hour before.

Benny took him by his bridle, and led him limping slowly away.

The mystery of his former neglected condition was explained. He had evidently been a part of some show, and when, from some cause or other, he had become unable to perform his feats without stumbling and failure, he had lost his value as a trained horse; his training made him unsafe for ordinary purposes; he was too "light" for a work-horse, and he had consequently been sold cheap to one person, and another, and had been variously neglected and abused, until he became the wreck of a horse that Benny 'had bid on for fun."

Mrs. Breese declared that Benny should never ride that horse again—there was no knowing what the beast's immoral education would lead him to do next. But Mr. Breese said, "Pshaw! nonsense! Benny must learn to stick to his horse, and keep away from the Still Harbor Brass Band."

Benny did learn to stick to his horse. I have seen him ride through the streets of Still Harbor standing as straight as a ramrod on that horse's back. It is generally believed that there is some mysterious, not to say uncanny, understanding between the two. They perform most wonderful maneuvers, but which really does the maneuvering nobody can find out. But Benny's neck is still unbroken, which is, and ever will be, the great Still Harbor mystery.

Young Folks' Post Office.

Dear Children:—

We are getting lots of letters each week and it gives us real pleasure to learn you are enjoying the Children's Corner. We wish we could publish them all but the want of space forces us to put in the questions and answers only. Make your letters interesting as possible—tell us something in them that you have learned that you think would interest your little friends who read the Corner. We will try to publish the letters we think are most interesting and instructive.

Your friend,

The Editor.

Sutton, N. C., Dec. 11th, '93.

My first is in many but not in few,
My second is in black but not in blue,
My third is in break but not in bend,
My fourth is in chicken but not in hen,
My fifth is in two but not in three,
My sixth is in branch but not in tree,
My seventh is in bay but not in sea,
My eighth is in you but not in me,
My ninth is in ten but not in nine,
My tenth is in ill but not in kind,
My eleventh is in pen but not in ink,
My twelfth is in iron but not in zinc.
It is one who is beloved by many of men?

Your unknown friend,
Jimmie R. White.

Clinton, N. C., Dec. 17th, '93.

Mr. Editor:—As I have not seen a letter from our town for some time, I thought that I would try and write one. My papa takes your valuable paper and we all like it very much. I am very much interested in the Young Folks' Postoffice, and the "Martlett Seal." I am also very much interested in history. I would like to ask the boys and girls a few questions: Who was the greatest American orator that lived after the Revolutionary war? What became of "Stonewall" Jackson? How much did the Dutch give the Indians for Manhattan Island? What were John Quincy Adams' last words?

With best wishes for The Caucasian and its noble Editor, I will close.

Your unknown friend,
Johnnie Jones.

Mr. Editor:—I am a little girl eight years old, I go to school now and like my teacher very much. We are going to have a week for Christmas holidays. I will ask the children a question: Where was Columbus born and where buried?

Emma Casey.

Poe's, Harnett Co., N. C.,
December 18th, 1893.

Mr. Editor:—Perhaps the cousins are glad to have me desert them so long for I am so loquacious. But here I am again and I do hope as it is Xmas I will not have the time to write a very long letter so I will be more pleasantly greeted next time than if I was to take all the space and give the other cousins no room.

The noble utterance, "Don't give up the ship," could never have been given by a braver man than Capt. Lawrence. "Give me liberty or give me death" by the eloquent orator, Patrick Henry. The Capital of N. C. was named in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh. The oldest city in the U. S. is St Augustine in Florida, founded in 1765.

How many voyages did Columbus make to America? Who will give the best description of his last voyage? When did LaFayette visit merica? When was the place for the State (N. C.) capitol selected, and on whose farm? When was the capital turned? And now I will desist.

Your constant reader,
Flossie "Avis."

ANSWERS.

[illegible] answer to the Scripture riddle [illegible] ning."

The first scuppernong vine was found on the Roanoke river.

Lula Casey, Elroy, N. C.

King Solomon had 700 wives.

Daisy.

Martin Van Buren was the first President born after the Revolution.

Mrs. Washingto had sixteen spinning wheels.

"A Country Girl,"
Taylor, N. C.

QUESTIONS.

What general on the American side in the Revolutionary war turned traitor?

Elma Godwin.

When were the Disciples of Christ first called Christians?

What were the last words of Sir Walter Raleigh?

What were the last words of Christ before He was crucified?

Lizzie Wilkinson.

Who was the oldest man?

Almira Baker, Faro, N. C.

A little girl wants to know why white sheep eat more than black ones. She signs herself F. F. C.

How long was Noah building the Aak? Daisy.

Which is the longest verse in the Bible?

By whom was the first sewing machine patented?

Anna Bryan.

Where is the oldest church in N. C.?

How many minerals are found in N. C.?

For whom was Wake county, N. C., named?

For whom was America named, and why?

"A Country Girl,"
Taylor, N. C.

When was kerosene first used for lights?

When was the first steel pen made?

John W. Bryan, Jr.

TWO ANGELS.

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

Angel of the parting year,
Winging back to Heaven thy flight,
Sad the burden thou must bear
From the darkness into light;
Burden of my wasted days,
Fragments of my broken hours,
Budding promises that grew
Never into fruit or flowers;

Happiness I might have won,
Worthy deeds I might have wrought,
Wrongs I hate, but did not shun,
Good I crave, but never sought;
All my proud and lofty aims,
Withered now in vain regret—
Feeble, foolish, as the will
To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys,
Lay them at the Father's feet;
He will search if yet there be
'Mid the chaff some grain of wheat.
He will fan my faint resolves
To a purer flame and clear,
Bear to Heaven my heart's desire,
Angel of the parting year!

Angel of the coming year,
Though thy face is veiled, I see,
By the glory round thee shed,
Thou hast some good gift for me.
Is it gold, or power, or fame?
Perfect peace from toil or care?
Or some sweeter, greater bliss
I had never hoped to share?

Nay, I know 'tis none of these;
Still I walk my narrow ways;
Still does lowly labor fill
All the measure of my days;
This the treasure thou has brought,
Prized in every age and clime,
Life no greater boon can crave—
God's most precious gift of Time.

Time to shape my common cares
Into duties high and sweet;
Time to learn that patience smooths
All rough ways for tired feet;
Time to scatter here and there,
By the wayside, love's small seed,
Knowing lowliest hands may oft
Minister to highest need.

So may each day be a cup
With life's sweetest flavors fraught;
Every hour a shining pearl
Strung on golden threads of thought;
Every moment a bright flower
Shedding perfume far and near,
Lend thy grace to make it so,
Angel of the coming year!

—Congregationalist.

THEIR NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

"I say, Jimmy Oliver, you've been dare long enough; come away and let me have er smell."—Brooklyn Life.

A Much-Needed Article.

The young man was sitting at the club window cogitating.

"Hello," said his friend coming in, "what are you thinking about?"

"A few good resolutions I have made for the New Year."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Break them, I suppose."

"Why do you do that?"

"Blamed if I know. I've been in the resolution manufacturing business for years, turning out the very best brand I could, but all in vain; they won't stand the test. I wonder if it would be any use to offer a reward for a patent resolution warranted not to break?"—Detroit Free Press.

A New Year's Warning.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bottle full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to twitter,
And the man who gave the order
Took the pledge, and bought a fiddler.

—Puck.

One Way to Promote Happiness.

"I wish you a very happy New Year," said Dr. Pellet to Cawyer.

"Then don't send in your last quarter's bill till the 1st of February, doctor," replied Cawker.—Judge.

PURE DEMOCRACY.

PEOPLE'S PARTY PLATFORM.

Adopted at the Omaha Conference of Laboring People, July 4, 1892.

Assembled upon the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the declaration of independence, the People's party of America, in their first national convention, invoking upon their action the blessing of Almighty God, puts forth in the name and on behalf of the people of this country, the following preamble and declaration of principles:

The conditions which surround us best justify our co-operation. We meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political and material ruin. Corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislatures, the congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench. The people are demorlized. Most of the State have been compelled to isolate the voters at the polling places to prevent universal intimidation or bribery. The newspapers are largely subsidized or muzzeled, public opinion silenced business prostrated, our homes covered with mortgages, labor impoverished, and the land concentrating in the hands of the capitalists. The urban workmen are denied the right of organization for self-protection; imported pauperized labor beats down their wages; a hireling standing army, unrecognized by our laws, is established to shoot them down, and they are rapidly degenerating into European conditions. The fruits of the toil of millions are bodly stolen to build up colossal fortunes for a few, unprecedented in the history of mankind, and the possessors of these, in turn, despise the republic and endanger liberty. From the same prolific mode of governmental injustice we breed the two great classes—tramps and millionaires.

The national power to create money is appropriated to enrich bondholders. A vast public debt payable in legal tender currency has been funded into gold-bearing bonds, thereby adding millions to the burdens of the people.

THE OLD PARTIES ARRAIGNED.

Silver which has been accepted as coin since the dawn of history, has been demonetized to add to the purchasing power of gold by decreasing the value of all forms of property, as well as human labor, and the supply of currency is purposely abridged to fatten usurers, bankrupt enterprises and enslave industry. A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on two continents and is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once it forebodes terrible social convulsions, the destruction of civilization, or the establishment of an absolute despotism.

We have witnessed for more than a century the struggles of the two great political parties for power and plunder, while grievious wrongs have been inflicted upon the suffering people. We charge that the controlling influences dominating both these parties have permitted the exising dreadful conditions to develop without serious effort to prevent or retrain them. Neither do they now promise us any substantial reform. They have agreed together to ignor in the coming campaign every issue but one. They propose to drown the outeries of plundered people with the uproar of a sham battle over the tariff, so that capitalists, corporations, national banks, ring, trust, watered stock, the demonetization af silver and the oppressions of the usurers may all be lost sight of. They propose to sacrifice our homes, wives and children on the alter of Mammon; to destroy the multitude in order to secure corruption funds from the millionaries.

Assembled on the anniversary of the birthday of the nation, and filled with the spirit of the grand generation who established our independence, we seek to restore the government of the republic to the hands of "the plain people," with which class it originated.

THE WAR IS OVER.

We assert our purposes to be identical with the purposes of the national constitution—"To form a more perfect union, establish justice, insur domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity." We declare that this republic can only endure as a free government while built upon the love of the whole people for each other and for the nation: that it cannot be pinned together by bayonets; that the civil war is over, and that every passion and resentment which grew out of it must die with it, and that we must be in fact, as we are in name, one united brotherhood of freemen.

Our country finds itself confronted by conditions for which there is no precedent in the history of the world—our annual agricultural productions amount to billions of dollars in value, which must within a few weeks or months be exchanged for billions of dollars of commodities consumed in their production; the existing currency supply is wholly inadequate to make this exchange; the results are falling prices, the formation of combines and rings and the impoverishment of the producing classes. We pledge ourselves that if given power we will labor to correct these evils by wise and reasonable legislation in accordance with the terms of our platform.

We believe that the power of government—in other words, of the people—should be expanded (as in the case the postal service) as rapidly as far as the good sense of an intelligent people and the teachings of experience shall justify, to the end that oppression, injustice and poverty shall eventually cease in the land.

THREEFOLD DECLARATION.

While our sympathies as a party of reform are naturally upon the side of every proposition which will tend to make men intelligent, virtuous and temperate, we nevertheless regard these questions important as they are, as secondary to the great issue now pressing for solution, and upon which not only our individual prosperity but the very existence of free institutions depend, and we ask all men to first help us to determine whether we are to have a republic to administer before we differ as to the conditions upon which it is to be administered, believing that the forces of reform this day organized will never cease to move forward until every wrong is remdied and equal rights and equal privileges securely established for all the men and women of the country. We declare, therefore—

1. That the union of the labor forces of the United States this day consummated, shall be permanent and perpetual. May its spirit enter into all hearts for the salvation of the republic and the uplifting of mankind.

2. Wealth belongs to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry without an eqivalent is robbery. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies are identical.

3. We believe that the time has come when the railroad corporations will either own the people or the people must own them, and should the government enter upon the work of owning and managing any and all railroads we should favor an amendment to the constitution by which all persons engaged in the government service shall be placed under a civil service regulation of the most rigid character, so as to prevent the increase of the power of national administration by the use of such additional government employes.

PLATFORM PLANKS.

1. We demand a national currency, safe, sound, and flexible, issued by the general government only, a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and that without the use of banking corporations; a just, equitable and efficient means of distribution, direct to the people, at a tax not exceeding 2 per cent, be provided, as set forth in the subtreasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance, or some better system; also by payments in discharge of its obligations for public improvements.

a. We demand free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

b. We demand that the amount of circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than $50 per capita.

c. We demand a graduated income tax.

d. We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all State and national revenue shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government, economically and honestly administered,

1. We demand that postal savings bands be established by the government for the safe deposit of the earnings of the people and to facilitate exchange.

2. Transportation being a means of change and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people.

a. The telegraph and telephone, like the post-office system, being a necessity for the transportation of news, should be owned and operated in by the government in the interest of the people.

3. The land, including all the national resources of wealth, is the heritage of all the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purpose, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All land now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs, and all lands now owned by aliens, should be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE PLATFORM.

Whereas other questions have been presented for our consideration, we hereby submit the following, not as a part of the platform of the People's party, but as resolution expressive of the sentiment of this convention:

1. Resolved, That we demand a free ballot and a fair count in all elections and pledge ourselves to secure it to every legal voter without Federal intervention through the adoption by the State of the unperverted Australian or secret ballot system.

2. Resolved, That the revenue derived from a graduated income tax should be applied to the reduction of the burden of taxation now resting upon the domestic industries of this country.

3. Resolved, That we pledge our support to fair and liberal pensions to Ex-Union soldiers and sailors.

4. Resolved, That we condemn the fallacy of protecting American labor under the present system, which opens our ports to the pauper and criminal classes of the world, and crowds out our wage-earners; and we denounce the present ineffective laws against contract labor, and demand the further restriction of undesirable immigration.

5. Resolved, That we cordially sympathize with the effort of organized workingmen to shorten the hours of labor and demand a rigid enforcement of the existing eight-hour law on government work and ask that a penalty, clause be added to the said law.

6. Resolved, That we regard the maintenance of a large standing army of mercenaries, known as the Pinkerton system as a menace to our liberties, and we demand its abolition; and we condemn the recent invasion of the territory of Wyoming by the hiered assassins of plutocracy, assisted by Federal officials.

7. Resolved, That we commend to the favorable consideration of the people and the reform press the legislative system known as the initiative and referendum.

8. Resolved, That we favor a constitutional provision limiting the office of President and Vice-President to one term, and providing for the election of Senators of the United States by a direct vote of the people.

9 Resolved, That we oppose any subsidy or national aid to any private corporation for any purpose.

We are striving to make The Caucasian better each week. How do you like this issue? If you like it, will you not kindly send us your compliments in the shape of a club of subscribers for one year each? We will appreciate it as a personal favor. We will accept it as a Christmas gift.

New Light on Peter.

Teacher—Can any little boy tell me why St. Peter is always at the gate?

Johnny Ferguson—I reckon he's a-layin' fer dose fellies w'at robbed him ter pay Paul!—Puck.

A colored philosopher is reported to have said; "Life, my breddern, am mos ly made up of prayin' for rain, and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

Jonathan and His Continent.

[Continued from First Page.]

somewhere, she asked him:

"Well, doctor, and are you not getting a little tired of all this cheering and applause?"

"Not a bit," replied he, "they never greet me loud enough, or clap long enough to please me."

Washington is the sole American city which has monuments that can strike the European with admiration for their beauty. The Capitol, the government buildings, the museums, built in the midst of handsome gardens, all arrest the eye of the visitor.

The Capitol is one of the grandest, most imposing looking edifices in the world. The souvenirs attached to it and the treasures which it contains render it dear to the Americans; it is a monument which recalls to their minds the glories of the past and keeps alight the flame of patriotism.

The city is prettily laid out, somewhat in the form of a spider's web. The streets are wide, the houses coquettish looking, the gardens, especially the park of the Soldiers' home, extremely beautiful.

Washington is wholly given over to politics. When congress is not sitting it is dead; when congress is sitting it is delirious.

No visitor leaves Washington without making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, where George Washington is buried.

A journey of an hour and a half up the beautiful Potomac brings you to the woods of Mount Vernon.

It was here in this peaceful country house that lived, like the most modest of America's sons, the man who was the greatest hero of modern times. A feeling of reverent admiration fills you as you enter the quaint little hall.

Each room is kept up at the expense of one of the states. Everything has been arranged, as nearly as possible, to represent the state of the house at the time Washington lived in it.

In the hall hangs the key of the Bastile, presented in 1789 by Lafayette to the "great Friend of Liberty."

There is an interesting souvenir attaching to the history of the banquet hall. This room was finished at the time of Lafayette's third visit to America. He and several French noblemen were visiting Mount Vernon, and a ball was to be given in their honor. A handsome wall paper, imported from England, had arrived—but the paper hangers had not arrived, greatly to Mrs. Washington's annoyance. Seeing his hostess grow distressed Lafayette with characteristic enthusiasm said to her:

"Do not despair, madam; we are three or four able bodied men who will soon make short work of it."

And without more ado the marquis and his friends set about papering the walls, and were soon joined by Gen. Washington himself, who proved a vigorous and efficient help.

The tomb of the general is of the simplest description; but it evokes far more touching memories than the magnificent sarcophagus of Napoleon in the Church of the Invalides. I never felt more sincerely impressed and touched than at Mount Vernon.

Philadelphia, formerly the capital of the United States, is a city of eight or nine hundred thousand inhabitants, and is built like New York in parallelograms. Its town hall is, next to the Capitol at Washington, the finest edifice in America. I do not know anything to compare to its splendid park, unless it be the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. The alleys of this park, if put together, would cover about sixty miles in length. Seen after New York or the busy western cities, Philadelphia strikes one as slow, even monotonous—except on the Clover club annual banquet evening.

On the shores of Lake Michigan, there stood a town, built of wood, and peopled by some hundred thousand inhabitants. This was called Chicago.

On the evening of the 8th of October, 1871, a cow, that an old woman was milking in a barn, kicked over a lamp, and set fire to the structure. On the morrow of that terrible night the whole city was level with the ground. The Chicago people of today show, as a curiosity to the visitor, the only wooden house which escaped the flames. At the present time, this city, the living and gigantic emblem of the phoenix, stands rebuilt in newn stone, and holding 800,000 inhabitants.

In less than twenty years, Omaha, Denver, Kansas, Minneapolis, will be so many Chicagos. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville will rival her in five. Chicago is, in my eyes, the very type of the American city, the most striking example of what Jonathan calls "go-aheadism."

The streets are twice as wide as the Parisian boulevards; the houses of business are eight, ten and twelve stories high. Michigan avenue is seven miles long; the numbers of the houses run up to three thousand and something. The city has parks, lovely drives by the lake shore, statues, including a splendid one of Abraham Lincoln, public buildings imposing in their massiveness, fine theatres and churches, luxurious clubs, hotels inside which four good sized Parisian ones could dance a quadrille, etc.

Michigan avenue and Prairie avenue are extremely handsome.

In these avenues, American eccentricity has been allowed free play. The houses are built in all imaginable styles of architecture.

The American may be eccentric, or what you will, but he is never monotonous. Enter one of these houses, and you will see handsome furniture, not only rich, but in good taste. I was not astonished to find Chicago society genial, polished and well read. Riches beget the taste for literature and arts, perhaps one day it will beget the taste for simplicity.

You find here still more warmth and much less constraint than in the east. You feel that you have quite the realms of New England Puritanism. If I had to name the most sympathetic of my American audiences, the warmest and promptest to seize the significance of a look or gesture, I should name the one which I had the honor of addressing in Chicago.

At 7 in the morning every man is astir and at work, whether he be millionaire or poor clerk.

The business done in Chicago is fabulous.

I do not think it is possible for a European to imagine the activity which reigns in Chicago without seeing it.

"You will soon be inventing," I said to a resident, "a machine that will take a live rabbit at one end and turn out a chimney pot hat at the other."

"We have something very like it already," he replied.

And next morning he took me to see the famous pig killing and pork packing premises of Philip Armour & Co.

What will they not invent in Chicago? That which looks like a joke today may be a reality next week, and I shall not be surprised, the next time I go to Chicago, to find that the talking power of woman has been utilized as a motor for the sewing machine by connecting the chin with the wheel.

How leave Chicago without mentioning the adieux that reached me at my hotel during the hour before I left for Canada?

Ding, r-r-ring, goes the telephone bell.

"Hello!" "Hello!" "Good-by, good luck."

"Hello!" "Pleasant journey!"

"Hello!" "Good by; our compliments to John Bull!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

"How pleased Maria will be," chuckled Mr. Piffkins, making his toilet on the morning of the 1st of January, "and how surprised. This is the first New Year's day in ten years that she hasn't quarreled with me about giving up tobacco, and now I've done it of my own accord."

It was customary with the Piffkins to exchange New Year's gifts and not to make the presentation until after breakfast. Therefore, when Mr. Piffkins entered the dining-room, Mrs. Piffkins was apparently unconscious that he carried a bulky parcel, while he in turn was quite unaware that a small, queer-shaped package lay beside his wife's plate.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Piffkins, as he set down his coffee cup and rolled up his napkin "during our married life there has been only one serious cause for contention—well, perhaps two—but no matter. I intend to remove that cause."

"I have also determined to turn over a new leaf, as you will presently see," and she nodded mysteriously toward the queer-shaped package.

"I have resolved during the coming year to discontinue the use of tobacco." And he awaited the burst of delighted surprise to follow.

Mrs. Piffkins turned pale, doubtless with joy, replying tremulously: "I cannot accept this sacrifice; but I have resolved to yield to your entreaties, abandon society and devote myself in future to my home."

"Say no more, Maria, I have hitherto preferred to remain at home in order that I might smoke, but—"

"No, Silas, it is I who—"

"In token of reformation I have purchased with money I would have squandered on the weed the silk evening dress you so desired."

"And I," cried Mrs. Piffkins, "have also prepared a surprise for you. With the money I had saved to give a reception I have bought you a—a meerschaum pipe!"

A GOOD RESOLUTION BROKEN.

No, he is not saying his prayers. He is only swearing. He swore off on New Year's Eve from profanity, but next morning he lost his collar button and then he swore a blue streak.—Texas Siftings.

New Year's Day in the Dime Museum.

"A happy New Year to you," said the Living Skeleton to the Fat Woman; "and may your shadow never grow less."

"I wish you a happy New Year, too," was the reply; "and what you fall off in flesh may you make up in salary."

Appropriate.

Wool—Having New Year's come right after Christmas is a mighty good scheme.

Miss Van Pelt—Why?

Wool—Oh, it's so much easier to be good when you're broke.—Jury.

How Not to Break Resolutions.

Ah, glorious resolution—
Would you know how not to break it?
Oh, friends and fellow citizens,
The way is not to make it.
—Detroit Free Press.

On Time, Anyhow.

Fosdick—Well, the New Year arrived on time.

Ricketts—Yes; right on the second.

Fosdick—You are wrong. It came on the first.—Judge.

Resolution Day.

Vices are monsters of such hideous mien,
That to be hated need but to be seen;
But seen too oft, we come by them accursed,
And welcome the arrival of January 1st.
—John B. Gest, in Puck.

POLK MONUMENT.

LET EVERY REFORMER CONTRIBUTE TO BUILD IT.

Take Up Collections at Every Meeting.

The Caucasian's fund for the monument now stands as follows:

Collected at State meeting, 1893,	$35.95
Am't received before that time,	30.50
D. W. Lindsay,	50
The Caucasian,	10.00
Westville Alliance	2.00
Gum Neck Alliance	3.00
Lucoma Alliance, No. 1031	2.00
Iredell Alliance,	5.00
E. Godwin, Dobbinsville, N. C.	1.00
Carr's Alliance, No. 1404	5.00
Wm. A. Broughton,	33.48
Cleveland Sub Alliance, No. 588	2.25

We will publish in this column each week the contributions sent in.

In addition to our contribution of $10, we will out of every club of ten cash subscribers sent in at one time, we will place one dollar to this fund and give the sender of the club credit for same. [tf.]

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We will send you for one year The Caucasian and any of the following papers for the amount opposite:

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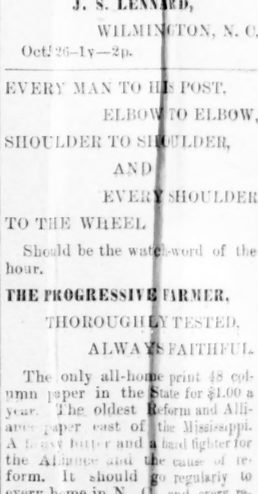

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Mention The Caucasian.

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A PIANO OR ORGAN?

Before doing so write to me. It will cost you but a moment of time, and may save you many dollars. Having been in the music business twenty years, I have handled and examined instruments made by almost every factory in the United States, and some from Europe. Even if you do not buy from me I may be able to give you some valuable points. Write me. Yours truly,

J. S. LENNARD,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 26—1y—2p.

EVERY MAN TO HIS POST.
ELBOW TO ELBOW,
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
AND
EVERY SHOULDER
TO THE WHEEL

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Raleigh, N. C.

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THE PROG. FARMER,
Mt. Vernon, Illinois.
Oct. 26—tf.

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